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Vol. CXCIX, No. 2600
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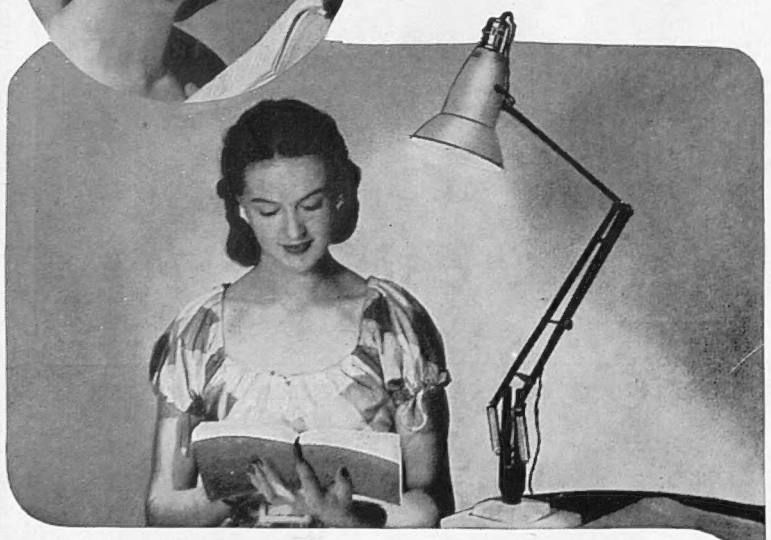

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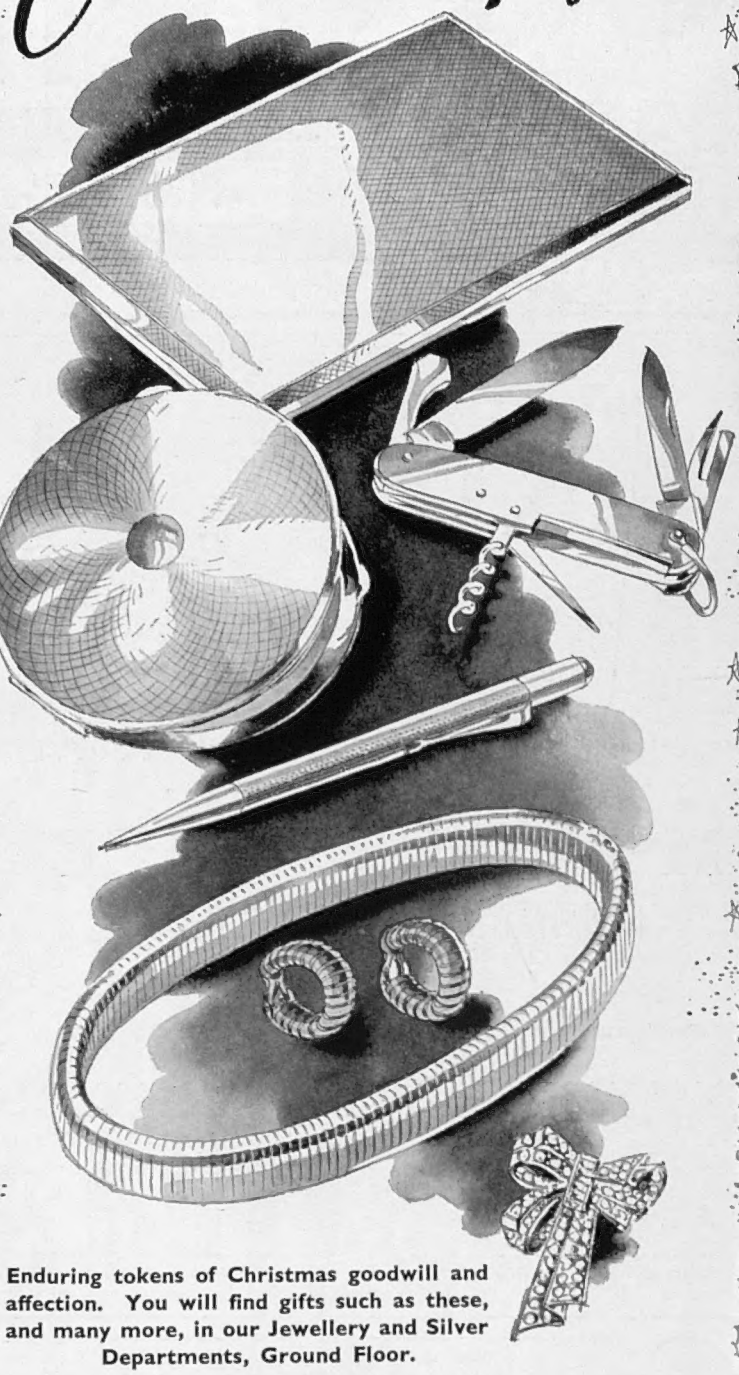

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Volume CXCIX No. 2600

The SPHERE, London, December 3, 1949

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE TROOPS TAKE OVER IN CENTRAL PARIS—DURING THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR STRIKE THERE WERE SOLDIERS AND ARMED POLICE ON POINT DUTY IN THE AREA OF THE MINISTRIES ROUND THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: The strike, supported by the Socialist Union, Force Ouvrière, and the Communist-led C.G.T., passed off everywhere without incident and with varying and unequal results

While M. Bidault's Ministry hung by a thread, and the defection of the Socialist Ministers seemed a certainty in the near future, France was involved at the end of last week in a twenty-four-hour general strike. The manual workers, among whom the Communist-led C.G.T. wields its greatest influence, responded almost to a man to the strike order, but the black-coated workers, with whom the Socialist Force Ouvrière is most influential, were half-hearted in their response. In some towns and cities, indeed, banks, shops and offices continued as usual. In Paris there was no Metro and very few buses, and this prevented many people from going to work who would have done so otherwise. In the heart of Paris the appearance of troops on point duty provided evidence of the national emergency. The strike, however, was hardly a victory for French trade unionists. It also placed the Socialists in a dilemma. While the Socialist Ministers remained faithful to the principle of Cabinet solidarity and concurred in M. Bidault's condemnation of the strike, the executive committee of their party, on the other hand, supported the strike in the hope, it seems, that it would bring French workers rallying to Socialist-led trade unionism as opposed to Communist-led trade unionism. At the time of writing, the outlook for the Bidault Administration is bleak, and it is thought possible that the Socialist Ministers will withdraw from the Government before their National Congress on December 14.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Ground-nuts.—I am not very much clearer than I was before the debate in Parliament on the rights and wrongs of the case. Who, above all, was *nuts* over the hasty and ill-judged effort which cost so much to a nation already drained dry. If Mr. Strachey did indeed pronounce that "commanders in military operations have to be sacrificed when things go badly amiss," it is backing a doctrine dangerous for Ministers who cling to office. Who was the commander here? Mr. Attlee, the Generalissimo, or Strachey, the Chief of Staff, or the Divisional Commander of the sector where things went amiss? And does the answer adjudged correct vary according to whether the Divisional Commander made respectful representations to G.H.Q. that his task was unworkable without reinforcements and time for preparation? We have known cases in military operations where such representations did *not* save the Divisional Commander, but, indeed, speeded his ungumming. In civil life, also. When things went wrong in the house-party in old days, the master cussed his butler, the butler trounced the footman, and the hall-boy was sacked. When a man in authority pontificates with the bare-faced assurance over four years which has distinguished Mr. Strachey's term as food dictator, he becomes peculiarly vulnerable when he gives forth the quoted theory of responsibility when things go wrong. Public anxiety did indeed compel Mr. Strachey to speak with some restraint and even a show of humility in the House last week. For money has been lamentably squandered and the harvest is in the distant future. A Chief of Staff can't have it both ways. If he insists on his responsibility for all the success and all the wisdom, he should accept a share of responsibility when things go amiss.

Bevan on Good Manners.—Certainly Mr. Attlee drives an awkward herd to market. His team of Ministers dart off in all directions, settle their pronouncements, policy and actions for themselves, and are only herded back to the fold when those actions become outrageous or ludicrous. Lord Pakenham is now back in the herd after an excursion. Mr. Bevan's latest excursion is perhaps not so ludicrous as to be judged outrageous enough for herding action. It was perhaps too typical. This Ministerial master of insult, of bitter words and of sweeping condemnation of half the population, thought fit to trounce an audience for their shocking bad manners in criticising a Minister of the Crown who had condescended to address them. Where were their *manners*? There are moments in modern life when I wonder if I stand on my head or my heels. Is sensibility dead among Socialist statesmen? Is black so black and white so white that intermediate shades (which is to say sensibility, common sense, senses of humour and proportion) are expurgated from their consciousness? It is surely not just a malicious rumour that Mr. Bevan has long revealed a remarkable disregard of other people's feelings, is a master of bitter invective, and without much restraint or dignity has played off class against class to the general lowering of the standards of good manners in public life at which a Great Nation should aim. He is not the only offender, and all of them are not comprised in his party. But if he is not a prime offender, then there is no value in legal evidence. If he is a prime offender, he must either be totally insensible or he must hold the extraordinary view that Ministers of the Crown have special privilege and a monopoly in ill manners. Ministers may sling all the mud they like. The people must on no account return the missiles.

Platform and Press—Pot and Kettle.—Dr. Dalton has for the moment gone ahead of his Socialist colleagues in their campaign against the Press. With the coming of Advent, he has put on the whole armour of righteousness for his assault on the Dragon. "The Press (he said, meaning all but the Socialist Press) speaks for its plutocratic paymasters. . . . What you read is not the truth, it is a gloss on the truth. . . . But however violently the Government has been attacked, the people still believe in the Government. If the Press had any influence over the people, we should not have our proud by-election record. Mr. Gladstone said that the platform will always beat the Press, and I believe it is so." I am not a blind worshipper of the "popular" Press—far from it. I could wish it would strive to be less "popular" and more convinced of its readers' dormant sense and taste and even intelligence. But that does not prevent my pointing to points in the Doctor's armour of self-righteousness. The trend of nearly five years of by-elections is a sound point, and no one can complain if he makes it. I think also that vituperation and continual vilification of the Socialist Government in some newspapers becomes boring even to strong opponents of Socialism and is carried much too far; and the same reaction attacks me when Conservative speakers do it on the platform. But in saying so much, what a joint gapes in Mr. Dalton's harness! If no one listens to the Press nor believes a word it says, how is it that precisely the same mud (or worse) thrown on the platform by the Ministerial mudlarks at Capitalism and Toryism is justified by results? The answer appears to be that, in Mr. Dalton's view, the platform is the only effective mud-slinger for Socialists. Certainly, he and his colleagues are working it to death on those lines, believing that the platform will always beat the Press at this sorry, shabby game.

Civil Defence.—It is perhaps early days to speak of failure in recruitment for Civil Defence. But my anxiety as to the response of the public when at last the call should come, dates back a longish time. I remember the response to Mr. Eden's "L.D.V." call in 1940. It was electric, as was the appeal. I felt it in my bones, when post-war Civil Defence was first mentioned, that it would need a most careful stage-management to get it across again so soon. That stage-management was certainly not visible in Mr. Ede's dreary little talk a few weeks ago. Nor did I find it when I read the half-dozen dull and almost lifeless pamphlets supplied by my R.D.C. What is it that makes men and women rush once more into the breach? Knowledge, first; facts which shape the danger, measure its urgency and explain the nature of the precautions and their efficacy. None of these are forthcoming. No sense of purpose backed Mr. Ede's dull words. The ruins of the last war are still there; silent witnesses of the futility of war, vivid reminders of the blood and sweat of Civil Defence in 1940-45, fearful prompters of bitter reflections on the competence and wisdom of all Governments whose post-war efforts have carried us . . . how far from war's alarms? Throw in war-weariness, post-war apathy and bitter cynicism, a mood of almost despair of civilisation and statesmanship . . . and how in God's name could Mr. Ede have supposed that he could get across to his audience without careful stage-management and shrewdly applied grease-paints?

AN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT IN THE G.P.O.—TELEPHONE POSTS LINING THE MAIDSTONE TO ASHFORD ROAD NEAR LEEDS, KENT, WHERE THE WORK OF PUTTING THE CABLES UNDERGROUND IS NOW ALMOST COMPLETE: The G.P.O.'s decision to bury the major lines has been widely welcomed for many reasons, not least because the overhead cables mar the natural beauties of the countryside. Overhead cables are, of course, more liable to storm damage than buried cables

State Assurance.—The Co-op movement (and perhaps the propaganda of the big insurance companies) has compelled a Government retreat from the agenda of *Labour believes in Britain*. Nationalisation of industrial assurance is dropped. Instead, a scheme of mutual ownership with policy-holders is proposed—for action, if and when Labour returns to power. The effect would be to turn the insurance companies into mutual benefit societies. The proprietors will be the policy-holders, not the shareholders; and it sounds pretty enough at first hearing. But there are 1,000,000 holders of insurance shares who may not be policy-holders in the companies they "own." And they come from all classes. Let them not be deceived. For them the hen-roost robbing will be as is usual in nationalisation. They will become creditors, not proprietors. Their shares will become fixed-interest-bearing debentures, and they can prepare for a certain loss of capital value and a certain reduction in annual income. The wise investor, if he believe in the probability of the return of the Socialists, would do well to reduce his shareholding in insurance companies in which he is not a policy-holder. But I shall be surprised if he does not find that way blocked already. It is always too late for the outside investor. The Stock Exchange is quick to respond to rumour and news.

Manstein Trial.—The Manstein trial has been going on for more than two months. Do you realise this? Sometimes we hear of "incidents" at some sitting or other, bickering, recrimination, adjournments, and so on. It is the trial of a man, acknowledged a good officer, obedient to the codes of conduct and discipline of his day and country—a loathsome day and a loathsome regime—and it deals with battles long ago and old, unhappy, far-off things only to be recalled by documents and the faulty memories of survivors. Years ago now, many of us were sickened by the trials of the chief war criminals. They dragged on until our sympathies almost veered towards the guilty wretches, whose guilt was obvious before their trials. Manstein's has been delayed long after the time of amnesty for past crimes, if crimes be proved. This trial makes me regret the lack of moral courage nowadays common among British authorities, a lack of courage which has brought about a trial revolting to the traditional sense of British fair play. Our share in the consent to it was tribute paid to influential opinion which we dared not oppose. We no longer dare to have the courage of our convictions. We are led by the nose to compromise with our national sense of justice, of proportion, of humour and even of honour.

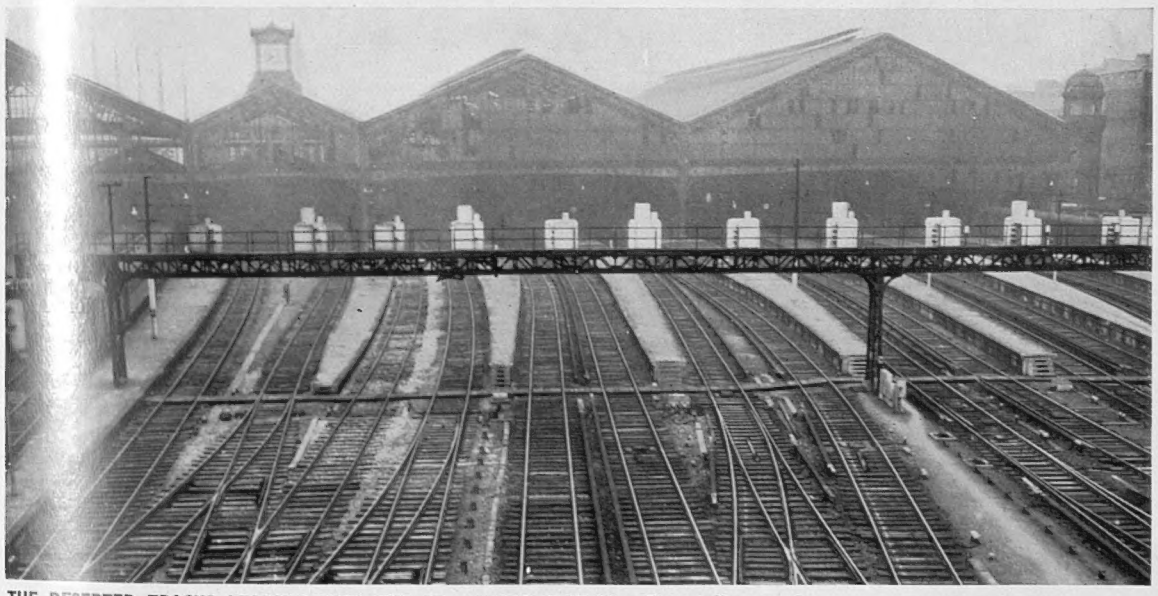
Shareholders Assert Themselves.—I receive quite often an envelope filled with resolutions and proxy-forms to be used at an annual or extraordinary meeting of some company or other in which I hold a few shares. The resolution sometimes seeks to alter the Articles of Association for one cause or another, to enable directors to receive more in remuneration, to enlarge facilities for trading, to make alterations in the form of some class of security or stock. I blame myself for putting these beautifully got up documents in W.P.B. I excuse myself by asking: "Who am I among so many?" No doubt I ought to concern myself more with *my own property*. And yet, if I do, if, for example, I show that I dissent from the plan or proposal of my directors, I shall often give them pain. For surely they know best what is good for me? Take the case of Cable and Wireless. By all accounts, and with common consent, Sir Edward Wilshaw has been a great husband and administrator of that vast concern, now nationalised, and his proposals for dividing the available swag might expect to be favourably received. But a majority of shareholders thought otherwise; and though broadmindedly co-operative, Sir Edward was clearly pained. Perhaps he simplified too much when he expressed his surprise that stockholders, "given a chance to pick up £32,000,000," should reject it. Perhaps he would have preferred my lazy method of concerning myself with my own property. £32,000,000 seems to me a hell of a big sum, but I suppose some stockholders did not accept it as all Lombard Street for a china orange.

THE OLD STAGER

PRIVATE CHARABANCS GATHER IN THE COURTYARD OF ST. LAZARE STATION : During the strike they helped to convey workers to various parts of Paris, as there was no Metro service and very few buses were running on the regular routes. Many of the black-coated workers who wanted to go to work had to stay at home because of the paralysis of the capital's transport system

PARALYSIS IN PARIS

Scenes in the French Capital During the 24-hour Strike



THE DESERTED TRACKS LEADING INTO THE ST. LAZARE STATION : The strike on the railways was very irregular. In Northern France some trains ran and others were very late. In the South of France traffic was almost at a standstill

SOPHISTICATED PARIS WAS SURPRISED BY THIS RURAL EQUIPAGE : The yoked oxen, seen passing the Opera, were taken through the streets to draw attention to protests of the Truckers' Union against petrol rationing

DEPARTURE PLATFORM AT ST. LAZARE : Above the platform is a notice proclaiming suspension of the local service. It was noted in the North that while most local services were suspended some long-distance trains were running

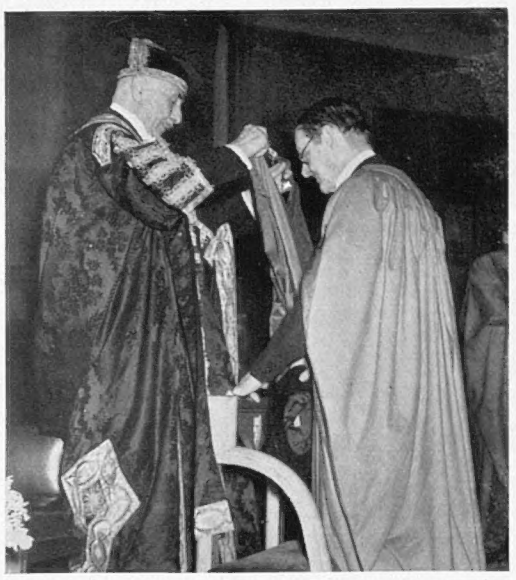
THEY WERE STRANDED SIXTY MILES FROM PARIS : These travellers were brought into the Gare-de-Lyon by private bus after being turned out of their Paris-bound train at La Roche at four o'clock in the morning, the driver refusing to continue

INVESTITURES IN BLOOMSBURY AND CLERKENWELL

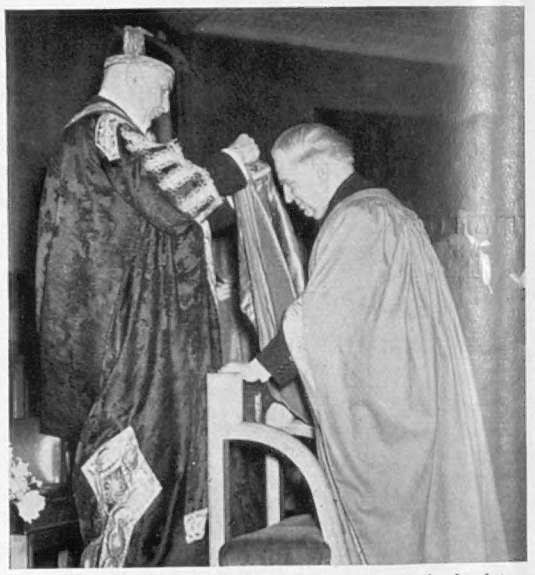
The Chancellor of London University, the Earl of Athlone, conferred the honorary degrees at the Foundation Day celebrations held at the Senate House in Bloomsbury. Of Sir John Anderson, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws, the Chancellor said that during his tenure of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John inaugurated the financial "New Deal" for universities, from which the University of London had profited so much since 1945. Sir John Anderson, who expressed thanks on behalf of all the honorary graduates, said that London occupied a unique position among universities, and asked who could suggest that an attempt to bring all the universities of our own small country into conformity with a common pattern could be fruitful?

FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATIONS AT LONDON UNIVERSITY: Sir John Anderson, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, thanks the University on behalf of all the honorary graduates. These included the United States Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Douglas, Sir Edward Appleton and Sir Percy Winfield, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws; Mr. Oliver Greenwood, who was made Master of Arts; Professor Sir Frederick Bartlett, Doctor of Science; and Mr. T. S. Eliot, Doctor of Literature

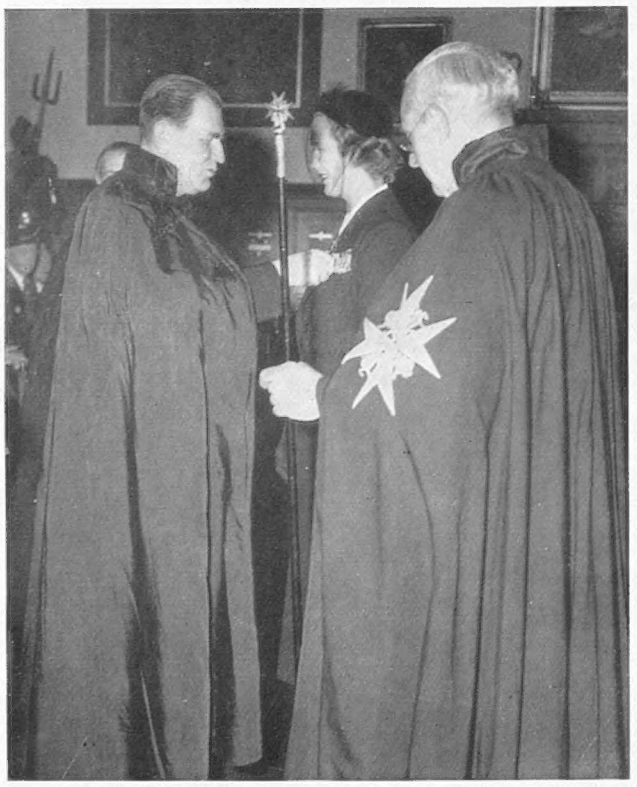
MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AFTER THE CEREMONY: The United States Ambassador in London had just received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws



HONOURING A POET: Mr. T. S. Eliot is seen receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature



HONOURING A SCIENTIST: Sir Edward Appleton receives the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws



THE PRIOR OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, LORD WAKEHURST, INVESTS DOROTHY LADY BRUNTISFIELD WITH THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER: Forty-six people from fourteen countries were honoured at the St. John Investment, which was held in the Chapter Hall of the headquarters of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. Douglas Fairbanks, the film star, was to have received the order of Associate Officer for the relief work he did during the war, but he was unable to attend. The first headquarters of the Hospital of St. John was in Jerusalem, and the duty of the Knights was to defend the hospital. After many vicissitudes, the Order was revived in 1557, and all the ancient privileges were restored, but Queen Elizabeth seized the property of the Knights, who fled to Malta. Last year the ceremonial was revived at Clerkenwell for the first time since 1936, and the Duke of Gloucester received the Knights in his capacity as Grand Prior

THE INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM AT ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL: The Chapter Hall is hung with the banners of the Bailiffs Grand Cross. Stained-glass windows bear honoured names and armorial bearings. Lord Wakehurst held the Investiture as Prior of the Order

"LIBYA THANKS ALL NATIONS THAT SUPPORTED HER LIBERTY": Arabs parading through the streets of Tripoli carrying a banner proclaiming their thankfulness at the United Nations decision. On the previous day the General Assembly of the United Nations, meeting at Flushing Meadow, New York, agreed by 48 votes to 1, with nine abstentions, that the former Italian colony of Libya should be independent by 1952. Italian Somaliland has been placed under Italian trusteeship for ten years. A United Nations Commissioner for Libya is being appointed. It will be the task of the British Government to set the machinery of self-government in operation in Tripolitania

TRIPOLI'S ARABS HAIL INDEPENDENCE

How They Greeted the United Nations Decision Regarding Their Future

THE PARADE THROUGH TRIPOLI: **Arabs taking part in the demonstration after hearing the news of their future independence. The demonstration was organised under the guidance of the Mufti of Tripoli**

REMINDER OF THE ITALO-TURKISH WAR OF 1912: Arab scouts guarding the spot where Arab resistance leaders were hanged by the Italians in 1912. The recent freedom procession through Tripoli halted at this spot in order to lay wreaths and listen to an address. When Italy attacked Libya in 1912, Turkey was the sovereign power, and the Arabs rallied to the Turks in defence of the country. The Tripoli War officially ended in the Treaty of Ouchy, but the Italians still had to fight a long guerilla war against Arab resistance in the hinterland

WHERE THE MUFTI OF TRIPOLI ADDRESSED THE ARAB DEMONSTRATORS AFTER THE JOYFUL NEWS FROM NEW YORK HAD BECOME KNOWN: A general view of the gathering in Tripoli, which was followed by the thanksgiving parade through the streets of the city

CONTROVERSY OVER OLD MASTERS

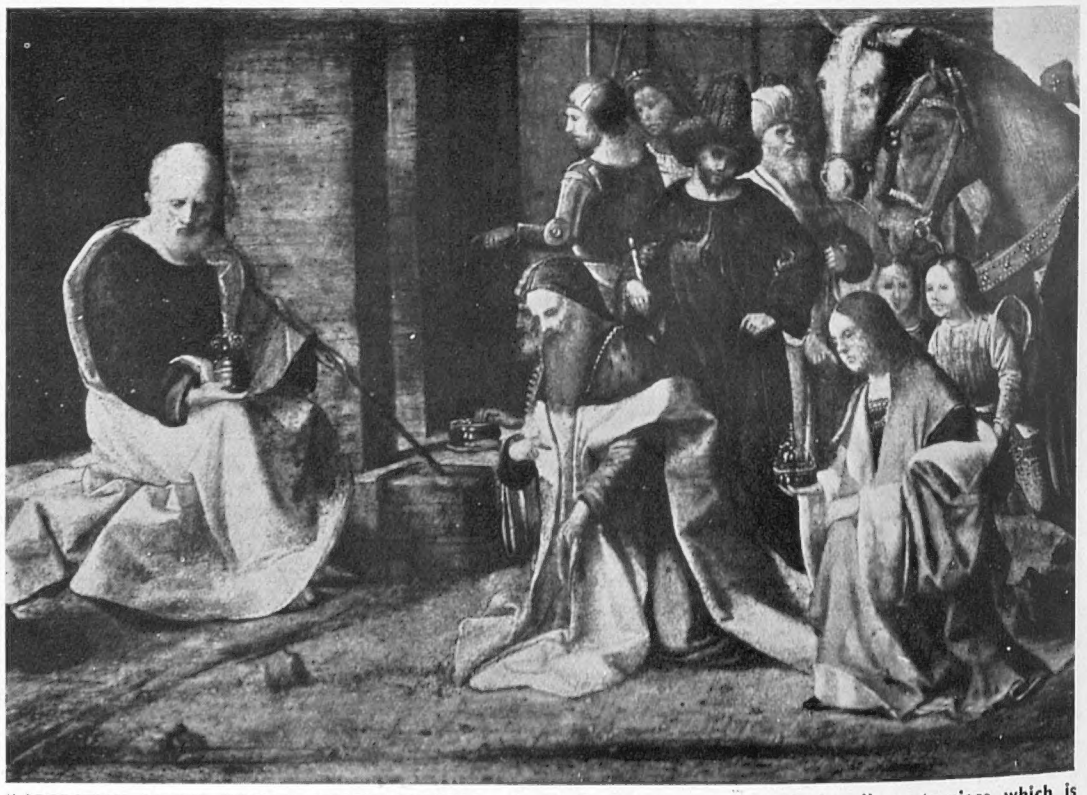
Cleaning at the National Gallery Gives Clues to the Real Artists

CLEANING HAS PROVED THE SIGNATURE ON THIS "PORTRAIT OF A MAN" TO BE OF A LATER DATE THAN THE PICTURE ITSELF: This restored canvas in the National Gallery is catalogued as by Titian, and it bears the signature Titianus, also a large T.V. inscribed on the parapet on which the sitter rests his arm. Recent cleaning operations, which reveal the picture in its fresh glory, have led some experts to believe that the portrait is the work of Giorgione (1478-1510). Mr. Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, says it is quite impossible to be dogmatic on the point. The picture will continue to be catalogued as the work of Titian

The old controversy about Giorgione, as to how many pictures he can have painted in his short life (1478-1510), and which they are, is likely to be revived by the recent cleaning of two pictures at the National Gallery. They are now on exhibition again after many months of treatment, and are shown on this page before and after cleaning operations by the Gallery's experts. In the cleaning of the "Adoration of the Kings" art historians, scientists, cleaners and restorers have conferred at every stage, and dozens of X-ray, ultra-violet and sectional photographs have guided them in their work. Most of the experts are now fully convinced that the canvas is an undoubted early work of Giorgione. As regards the "Portrait of a Man," attributed to Titian, there is still a large measure of doubt as to authorship, it seems

"PORTRAIT OF A MAN" BEFORE CLEANING: The Titian (which may be a Giorgione) as it was prior to the operations of National Gallery experts. The picture was bought in 1904. At that time the sitter's rich dress of quilted satin was described as grey. Here it is blue

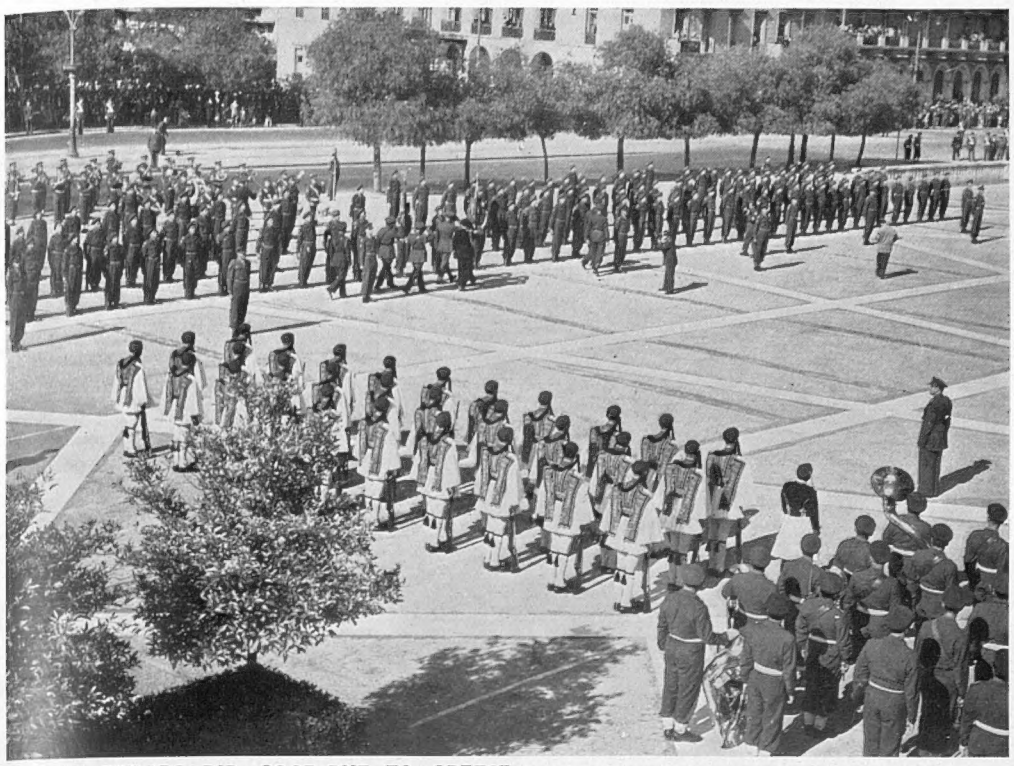
A DETAIL FROM THE NEWLY-CLEANED "ADORATION OF THE KINGS," NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: The "Adoration of the Kings," a short wide panel with many little figures, was bought in 1884 as the work of Giovanni Bellini (1435c.-1516). It is now catalogued as by Bonifazio (1487-1553); but of recent years it has been labelled "attributed to Giorgione." In the opinion of the present National Gallery Director, recent cleaning operations have clearly shown it to be an undoubted early work of Giorgione himself. It had been considerably altered in the nineteenth century. A fence of broken boards which forms part of the background had been changed into a plain dark wall and the costume of a page had been altered. But the greatest change was made by a general overpainting of the darker parts in chocolate brown, which subdued the clarity and bright colour of the early sixteenth century into a vague, Rembrandtesque effect. This was done partly to please the taste of the time and partly to cover damages. These have now been retouched separately with infinite patience, so that none of the original painting is covered, while the composition can once more be seen as nearly as possible as it left the painter's workshop



"ADORATION OF THE KINGS" BEFORE CLEANING: A detail of the much "touched-up" masterpiece which is now clearly shown to be an early work by Giorgione. It has been attributed both to Bellini and Bonifazio

MILITARY HAILS AND FAREWELLS

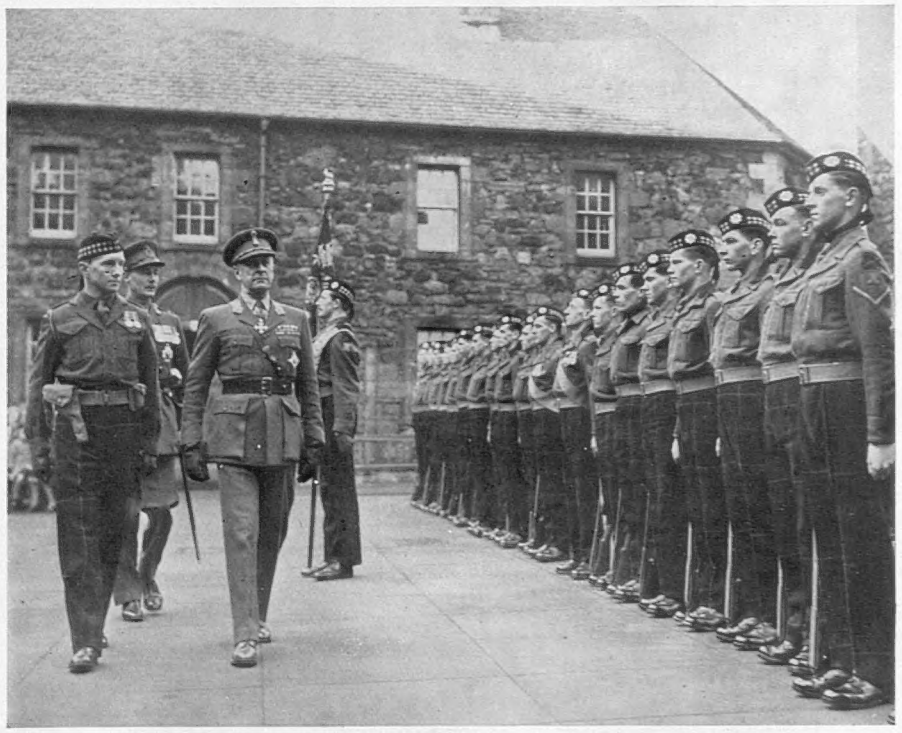
The British Troops Leave Greece—Norway as a Comrade-in-Arms—An Anglo-American Gesture



BRITISH TROOPS BID GOOD-BYE TO GREECE—THE GATHERING IN CONSTITUTION SQUARE, ATHENS, AS A CONTINGENT OF THE EAST SURREY REGIMENT TOOK PART IN THE FAREWELL PARADE: *Left*—Men of the Evzones and the East Surreys at the ceremony. *Right*—King Paul saluting during the playing of "God Save the King." On the King's right hand are Sir Clifford Norton (British Ambassador), Mr. Canellopoulus (Greek War Minister) and Field-Marshal Papagos

The 1st Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment, the vanguard of the British Infantry Brigade withdrawing from Greece, embarked at the Piræus on November 24 in the *Empire Ken*, and set sail for East Africa. To mark their departure, Lieut.-General E. E. Down, the commander of the British troops and of the Military Mission in Greece, issued a special order of the day recalling the liberation of Greece by British troops during the war and the "frustration" by them of the attempt of the Communists at domination. Four days previously the East Surreys had taken part in a farewell ceremony on Constitution Square, Athens, when the contingent was inspected by King Paul, who was accompanied by Field-Marshal Papagos.

THE CEREMONY OF THE NORSE SWORD: A symbolic exchange in Edinburgh's Crown Square. Wartime comradeship between soldiers of Norway and of this country was recalled at this ceremony at Edinburgh Castle, when Major-General Johan Beichman, K.B.E. (*right*), Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Norwegian Army, handed over a Norse sword of pre-Viking design as a token of friendship and respect uniting Norwegian and British brothers-in-arms. It was accepted on behalf of the 52nd (Lowland) Division, with which Norwegian troops were principally associated, by Major-General E. Hakewill-Smith (*left*), who commanded the Division at the time of its disbandment in 1946. Recalling that two years ago he had taken a claymore to Norway as an expression of the Lowland Division's admiration for their comrades, Major General Hakewill-Smith described this exchange of weapons as a symbol of a friendship which could never be broken



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN ARMY INSPECTS A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS: Major-General Johan Beichman passing down the ranks before handing over the Norse Sword to the 52nd (Lowland) Division. The ceremony took place in Crown Square, Edinburgh Castle

A GOODWILL GIFT FROM THE BRITISH ARMY TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY: Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell, the Minister of War, shaking hands with Major-General J. W. Leonard, the U.S. Military Attaché, after presenting him at a Sandhurst ceremony with a silver cup. The cup, dating from 1741, is supported with figures representing soldiers of the eighteenth century

A ZEEBRUGGE VETERAN RETIRES: Major-General C. R. W. Lamplough, commanding officer of the Plymouth Division, Royal Marines, inspecting a naval guard on the occasion of his farewell visit to Admiralty House, Devonport. With his retiral the Marines lose their last remaining serving officer who took part in the famous Zeebrugge raid on April 23, 1918, when the Belgian port was successfully sealed up

NEWS FROM THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Tibet is Being Drawn Into the Pattern of Asian Events

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ALL down the Eastern ages priests have blown 6-ft. horns to herald the Tibetan dawn, even as mortals upon lesser heights have greeted surrounding nature. One whole fifth of the 3,000,000 population is composed of monks, whose hierarchy wields the real power along with a lesser diffusion of feudal chieftains.

At their head, and after election with an infinity of care from model childhood, is the fifteen-year-old Dalai Lama, regarded by Tibetans, monks and laity alike as the incarnation of Avalokitesvara, the God of Mercy and Compassion.

Already some of those horns are ceasing to sound o'er the high plateaux of the northern borderland that touches Siankiang, Chinese province lately taken over by the Communists. After establishing a People's Council in Likiang, last Chinese town of consequence, Russian-equipped Chinese Reds have reached beyond to the Land of the Lost Horizon, home of murder, gold lust and black magic, in addition to the several attributes, including that of perpetual peace, with which Shangri La was decorated in the novel and the film.

The only reliable witnesses are rarest white missionaries, and two of their number, lately returned to India and Europe, Father Morse, of Cowley, and Canon Détry, of the Alpine St. Bernard Hospice, tell how border Tibetans are showing fight to aboriginal Lisu tribesmen who have turned Communist.

The first things the Reds do, is to suppress Lamaism, which is a corruption of Buddhism, and these witnesses forecast that when invasion proper begins next spring or summer, as anticipated, the bulk of the active, adult male population is likely to constitute a maquis primarily in defence of the national faith.

The Tibetan Army would be a toy in face of attack by Chinese Communist forces, as latterly seen in action. It has only 8,000 regular troops, who have British rifles and some fifty machine-guns and twenty-five pieces of artillery. Tough and hardy, these men are untrained and have never faced machines. A militia reserve of 12,000 is much rawer, and as for a further 20,000 said to be under recruitment by the Lhasa Government, the question-mark becomes still bigger.

But one thing of high value the Tibetans do possess, and that is a deep religious devotion to their boy-god-incarnate. This bond has held together otherwise discordant elements—rich and poor, monk and layman—in the longest period of freedom from war that any people have probably known anywhere, and could have more than a nuisance value in countering Red invasion.

Inspired by the Dalai Lama, vouchsafed ungrasping and unambitious leaders, and—who knows ?—supplies, arms and training by the outside world, the Tibetan forces could put up a good guerilla fight against an invader from China, stretched over hundreds of miles of mountains, gale-swept and freezing lines of communication.

The vast army of monks might take to arms, having every bit as strong a motive as the ideological one. At this stage their role is one of intensified prayer. They are redoubling their own marathon records of normal times, the while they add profusely to the accompanying supplicatory incense that mounts without cessation into the Tibetan air.

Thus has it happened : the "hermit kingdom" has been drawn in. In 1948, the Lhasa Government shut the door. All foreigners would be banned from the country until 1950, "because a war between the Great Powers is possible, and Tibet does not want to be involved." As far as is known, half-a-dozen Swiss monks last heard of at Weisi, and an English wireless operator in a fort at Chamdo, Bob Ford, were the only Westerners allowed to remain, and Mr. Lowell Thomas, American author-traveller, the only one to enter in depth.

But it has been of no avail : Shangri La has failed to stay aloof on the roof of the world.

For the past forty years the unique monastic kingdom has been cushioned from shocks from China as much by internal wrangling there, as by the huge separating waste stretches of plateau. From India, there was no threat : at first the British Raj was friendly, and now India continues the trend.

All the time the Tibetans have wished to be left strictly alone.

In the nineteenth century Europeans were either rigidly prevented from entering Tibet or speedily expelled if found there. Very few indeed penetrated to Lhasa, and some venturers were murdered. Others made false claims. The first white man ever to be invited to the Forbidden City was Sir Charles Bell, British Representative in Tibet. That was in 1920, after the Tibetans had offered 1,000 troops to Britain in the First World War.

Sixteen years previous, General Sir Francis Younghusband had entered Lhasa under arms to negotiate a treaty—on which occasion the Dalai Lama fled, a way the Tibetan godhead has when impinged upon. The Younghusband Mission aroused great interest for the new light it shone on one of the last unknown corners of the earth. I recollect a morning at St. Paul's School, when that surprise packet and celebrated "usher," Mr. Elam of the Lower Fifth, glared at the class, then withered from nowhere :

"I can imagine your profound ignorance of Tibet. Go and read *The Illustrated London News*, you horrible boys !"

A famous Chinese soldier, Chao Erh-feng, was master of Lhasa from 1910 to 1912, being evicted when the Manchu Empire ceased to exist in Peiping ; and when the Chinese returned after a lapse of twenty-three years, ostensibly to condole on the death of the thirteenth Dalai Lama, the Tibetans managed to expel the intruders as soon as the Kuomintang Government began its downfall. This time the expelling was done to the accompaniment of a brass band.

Meanwhile, Pope Pius XI had charged the St. Bernard Order to send missionaries to the Himalayas, and in 1933 a hospice was founded at the 12,000-ft. Latsa Pass, specifically to help pilgrims visiting Tibet's holy mountain. But it was not until 1945 that work really got started, when seven St. Bernard monks and ten St. Bernard dogs reached the scene.

Two more fathers sailed from Marseilles last week, though a dark cloud hides the fate of those who went earlier. When last heard of, they were in the thick of the border trouble, and one is known to have been murdered, Father Tornay. He met his fate in the mountain village of Yerkalo.

These missionaries will not knuckle under easily. They have to be first-class athletes, especially skilled in the mountain arts, as well as theologians. Father Détry, who lately returned from a two-year journey into the secret recesses of Tibet, used to be an amateur boxer and champion Belgian cyclist, and tells how he was able to hold on his way by such unpriestly aids as knocking out tribal strong men, thereby gaining local admiration.

He comes to London this winter, to lecture. Besides presenting a report of his journey to the Royal Geographical Society, he is expected to reveal fresh and gripping information concerning the Lama monasteries, tribal customs and sacred dances of the Himalayas. Also, Canon Détry says he has proof that the St. Bernard dogs originated in these parts. He believes they were brought to Asia Minor with the silk caravans and used by the Romans as war dogs, rediscovering their native state when the Legions crossed the Alps.

The Canon reports the dogs as very busy when he left, succouring escaped Chinese Nationalists caught in snowdrifts. Out there, the dogs carry the little barrels of spirits round their necks, and the same is to recur this winter in the Alps, after the dogs have been "dry" for so long. But the humour of intentional brandy "binges" was ever intrinsically false, since the dogs of the celebrated Swiss Hospice carried the more vulgar *marc* and a monk-brewed sweetish chartreuse.

The recent exhibition of Tibetan Art at the Berkeley Galleries had a topical interest, inasmuch as visitors could judge for themselves which had the stronger influence : China or India. The vote went to India, and this only tallies with the ethnographical and cultural stories. The Chinese have tried and tried again to overcome such awkward facts, but all down the centuries the Tibetan wish for autonomy has prevailed, and it is still strong to-day, though with Communist dissidents.

These will try to set the poor against the monks when the expected show-down comes, thus driving a wedge between the majority and the religious bond of Lamaism that has held Tibetans together from time immemorial. Two thrusts are awaited : from Siankiang in the north, through Tsaidam, and over the Tang mountains ; and through Derge in Eastern Tibet.

A diplomatic difficulty may arise from Britain having recognised a loose Chinese suzerainty over Tibet, when she was interested in the latter country as a buffer area for the protection of India. The sub-Continent is, of course, at the back of everybody's mind, when they think of an invaded Tibet, the more so because a successful penetration might be followed by a similar move on Nepal, along whose border are no less than sixteen railheads leading into India.

It may be accepted that Mr. Nehru discussed defence and Tibet, as well as food, while on his recent visit to Mr. Truman. Whatever truth may lie behind tales of projected stockpiling of atom weapons in the Tibetan region, it is clear that the defence of both Tibet and India has been radically altered in the atom age.

Just now the signs are strongly that Lhasa looks to Washington rather than to Peiping. Not only was Mr. Thomas given first-hand opportunity to give his projected lecture and broadcasting, before being badly injured on the return caravan : the boy Dalai Lama himself has dispatched a present to Yale University. It recently left Lhasa in the form of a pack train of small Tibetan horses with eighteen leather pouches containing 100 sacred volumes.

THE BOY RULER OF TIBET : The young Dalai Lama, a portrait painted by the Indian artist Kanwal Krishna, who, in 1940, accompanied Sir Basil Gould to the Dalai Lama's installation at Lhasa. The picture was recently placed on view at the Berkeley Galleries, London, at an exhibition of Tibetan Art held to mark the Silver Jubilee of the Buddhist Society in London. While the Dalai Lama remains a minor, Tibet is nominally under the rule of a Regent, who is assisted by a Premier and a Council of four Ministers. There is also a National Assembly, an advisory body, including most of the monks and lay officials. Vast influence continues to be exercised by monastic interests in "the forbidden land"

TEMPLE VESSELS AT THE TIBETAN ART EXHIBITION IN LONDON : Visitors admiring some of the ancient ware at the Berkeley Galleries. Both Indian and Chinese influences have always been strong in Tibetan art, the one ever vieing with the other

THREE ROYAL OCCASIONS

The King Attends Grand Night : Princess Elizabeth in Malta : Princess Margaret at the Opera

THE KING, AS TREASURER OF THE INNER TEMPLE, PRESIDING AT THE MICHAELMAS TERM GRAND-DAY DINNER OF THE INN IN NIBLETT HALL : His Majesty is seen at the centre of the top table. Among those seated right and left of him are the Prime Minister (an honorary Bencher of the Inn), the Lord Chancellor, the Deputy Treasurer (Lord Merriman), Lord Maenan, Lord Morton of Henryton, Lord Wright and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon Willis. When the King entered the dining-hall he was preceded by the head porter bearing the silver Pegasus—the symbol of the Inner Temple—on a staff. His Majesty knocked for grace before the meal and at the end of dinner. Then, in accordance with the old custom of the Inn, the King "counted time" before the cigars were handed round

PRINCESS MARGARET IN VELVET AND LACE : The Princess is seen lifting her black velvet evening skirt, worn with a cream lace blouse, as she left the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, after attending, in company with the Queen, "Let's Make an Opera," by Benjamin Britten and Eric Crozier. From seats in the front row of the stalls the Queen and the Princess joined heartily in the singing from musical scores given out to the audience by the producers

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT MALTA : The Princess with the Earl and Countess Mountbatten on the polo field where she saw the Earl taking part in a match. Since her arrival the Princess has been staying at the Villa Guardamangia, the home of the Mountbattens, and the local Press has loyally co-operated in not giving too much publicity to the visit. The Duke is carrying on with his duties as First Lieutenant of the "Chequers," now undergoing a refit at Malta

BUILDING BOYSEN DAM

A Mighty New Project on the Big Horn River, Wyoming

A NEW TOWNSHIP RISES IN NORTH CENTRAL WYOMING : This permanent camp in the mountains accommodates construction workers on the Boysen Dam, which is being built on the Big Horn River to provide irrigation, generate power and exercise flood and silt control. When the dam is completed in 1952 the camp will provide homes for the maintenance staff. Work was begun on the dam in 1946, when the total cost of the Boysen scheme was estimated at 13,000,000 dollars. It will probably be finished in 1952, but the total bill will be near 30,000,000 dollars. The necessity for re-laying a railroad and also U.S. Highway 20 were two factors making for increased cost. The Big Horn River, which flows northward into Montana, is a tributary of the Yellowstone River, which is, in turn, a tributary of the Missouri

A COSTLY DIVERSION : This 2,300-yard tunnel became part of the Boysen project when it was found necessary to change the course of the railroad. The tunnel contains more concrete than the dam will require

WHERE THE BOYSEN DAM IS TO BE LOCATED : This view looks across the Big Horn just below the barrage. On the hillside in the distance are two highways, the old main road across the Wyoming-Montana border and the new main road above flood level

HOW THE RAW MATERIAL OF CONSTRUCTION WILL BE CARRIED TO THE SITE OF THE REFINERY AT FAWLEY: Men engaged in building the tunnel through which an endless conveyer belt will carry gravel to the concrete-mixing machines. The gravel will be washed, sifted and graded in the gravel-pits. The real task of constructing the refinery will begin before the end of the year

BUILDING BRITAIN'S BIGGEST REFINERY

Work in Progress on the Plant at Fawley

England's petrol shortage, one of the most aggravating austerities in the post-war years in a nation that loves the open road, will in part be solved by the great oil refinery which will be completed on the Cadland Estate some time in 1952 and which will yield annually 5,000,000 tons of petroleum products.

At the moment this muddy tract on the edge of the New Forest has little to show. Operations are very much in the preliminary stage, the main task being the preparation for the supply of aggregate from the gravel-pits and the setting up of the concrete-mixing plant.

Into Southampton Docks comes an almost continuous influx of plant and special materials from the United States—most of it of specialist construction which cannot be obtained outside the United States.

For this great new private enterprise project of Esso's—which involves no Marshall Aid, but which has Government approval—British and American contractors, British and American specialists and experts, and British and American capital go side by side.

Part of the preliminary preparations of the site consists of the construction of a great causeway to the new docks which will serve the tankers bringing in the crude oils from the Middle East for refining.

AGGREGATE PLANTS BEING SET UP NEAR THE GRAVEL-PITS AT FAWLEY: Here the aggregate will be sifted before being taken to the building site by conveyer belt. To make way for the refinery, 30 acres of wood have been cleared on the edge of the New Forest

SETTING UP A CONCRETE-MIXING PLANT: Men engaged in preliminary work on the Fawley camp site. Seven hundred men are at present engaged in the task of construction, and, among other things, they are building huts for their own accommodation

BUILDING THE RAIL SIDINGS: Lines being carried into position on a new embankment on the Fawley site. The embankment has been built up with earth which was surplus after levelling operations on the refinery site. Trains will link direct with Southampton Docks

THE COMPLETED END OF THE CONCRETE TUNNEL: Through this the conveyer belt will bring the aggregate from the gravel-pits to the mixing machines, thus saving vast expenditure on lorries

SURVEYING THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE

Foreign News in Pictures from Europe, Asia, and America

SYRIAN WOMEN GO TO THE POLLS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR HISTORY: Voting in progress in Damascus in an election fraught with considerable consequence for the Syrian people. On the right is Miss Amal Abdul Kader, of the famous Abdul Kader family of Algeria. She is the head of a Damascus girls' school. There were 470 candidates at the election for 114 seats in the new Constituent Assembly, which is charged with the task of drawing up Syria's new Constitution. The old Constitution, suspended after the coup of the late Marshal Husni Zaym in the spring, has not been put back into force. The present Government is a temporary committee of political leaders that undertook after the second coup in midsummer to prepare the elections and govern provisionally. Before the elections General Sami Hinnawi, Commander of the Syrian Army, issued orders to all officers to refrain from any kind of intervention at the polls

TREASON IN TURKEY—SAIDIK ALDOGAN, THE DEPUTY FROM AFYON KARAHISAR AND A MEMBER OF THE CHIEF OPPOSITION PARTY IN THE TURKISH STATE, TALKING WITH HIS CONSTITUENTS BEFORE THE RECENT CRISIS IN ANKARA: Aldogan, a retired Army General, is said to have been a ringleader in an attempt to assassinate President Ismet Inonu. At the time of writing he has not been arrested, it is understood, because as a Deputy he enjoys Parliamentary immunity. The Prosecutor's Office in Ankara has issued a statement to the effect that Messrs. Aldogan, Bolukbasi and Arna, all members of the Executive of the Nation Party, intended to kill the President and overthrow the Council of Ministers. Marshal Fevsi Cakmak, one of Turkey's revolutionary heroes and a supporter of the Nation Party, but officially listed as an independent, is among those implicated. The plot was uncovered through information given by a Member of Parliament, the Deputy from Denizli, Reyshat Aydinli

APARTMENTS TO LET, AND EVERYBODY KNOWS WHY: This new block of flats built by Milan Municipality for single men and women had a waiting-list of prodigious dimensions when building was first started. Now it is completed there are few takers, for the rents have been quadrupled and, in addition, a monthly service charge is being levied. The flats consist of male and female wings. Nobody of the opposite sex may enter the wing to which they do not belong. This, again, is a cause of criticism. A second building of similar dimensions and with similar restrictions is under construction

JAPANESE STAGE A SIT-DOWN STRIKE: They seated themselves outside the Tokyo headquarters of the Russian Mission as their representatives went inside to ask the visiting Soviet authorities to speed up the return of Japanese prisoners of war from Russia. The prisoners who have already returned have shown for the most part an inclination towards Communism

THE ROAD THAT RUNS FROM BABYLON: This aerial view shows a typical system of roundabouts at an intersection on the two-and-a-half-mile extension of the Southern Parkway System in Long Island, New York, between the town of Babylon and the Bay Shore Road. The new stretch has cost 2,000,000 dollars, and has been designed in accordance with advanced principles of highway engineering. A grass stretch at least 25 ft. wide, and in places much wider, divides the carriageways

POLAND WELCOMES MARSHAL ROKOSSOVSKY—A MARSHAL OF THE RED ARMY AND A SOVIET CITIZEN BECOMES MINISTER OF NATIONAL DEFENCE IN WARSAW: *Left*—President Boleslaw Beirut welcoming the Marshal in the National Assembly. *Right*—The Marshal listening to the speech of welcome

Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, one of the heroes of the Red Army in the Second World War, was hailed in Warsaw as Poland's new Defence Minister. "We receive the news of his appointment with great emotion," declared Radio Warsaw. "A child of the people has returned to his native city, where he was brought up, and to the Polish working-class with whom he undertook his first fighting steps." It has since been stated that the Marshal was not born in Warsaw, but in the little town of Slovuta, in Volhynia, a province which has for centuries been alternately Polish and Russian. It is also believed that the Marshal is no "child of the working-class," but was trained at the aristocratic Nicholas Officers' School in St. Petersburg. In taking over the Polish Army the Marshal declared in his first public speech: "Our task is to guard the inviolability of the frontier on the Oder and Neisse." A recent analysis in the *New York Times* made out that Marshal Rokossovsky's appointment was the culmination of a long series of postings whereby high-ranking Soviet officers, given dual-citizenship, have taken key positions in the Polish Army. As a result, it is said, the Polish Army, in all but weight of man-power, is a Soviet force. President Beirut remains the Commander-in-Chief of Poland's armed forces. The head of the General Staff is General Korzcyc, a Soviet officer who has been working on the task of reorganisation since 1945.

AFTER A SHOWDOWN, LAUGHTER AND GOODWILL: Warren Austin, chief U.S. delegate to the United Nations, Andrei Vishinsky, Soviet Foreign Minister, and Hector McNeil, British delegate to U.N., at a New York reception given by President Carlos Romulo of the General Assembly. Earlier in the day Austin and Vishinsky had engaged in one of their usual duels, and Hector McNeil's charge that the Soviet was "out to murder peace" was still quite fresh in public mind

24,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT WERE SPREAD ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE WHEN THESE GRAIN ELEVATORS COLLAPSED AT WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS: The left elevator, knocked over by its neighbour, was empty, but the centre elevator had its full load. Workmen in the area heard rivets "popping," and made for safety. In a matter of seconds the great cylinders were down

AFTER THE AIR-SEA RESCUE IN THE ATLANTIC: This dramatic picture, taken from the Canadian destroyer "Haida," shows a ship's life-boat ploughing her way between the "Haida" and the British carrier "Magnificent." After the "Haida" rescued the eighteen survivors of the B-29 which plunged into the sea 385 miles north-east of Bermuda, it was planned to transfer the men to the carrier. However, the men were in such weakened condition that the plan was abandoned, and they remained aboard "Haida"

ESLANDA ROBESON IN MOSCOW: The wife of Paul Robeson, singer and stormy petrel of U.S. Left Wing politics, addressing a session of the Council of the International Democratic Federation of Women. Mrs. Robeson is Vice-President of the Congress of American Women

THE TRISCOMBE STONE, NEAR THE HEAD OF COCKERCOMBE, A CELEBRATED OBJECTIVE FOR WALKERS AND A MEETING-PLACE FOR HUNTING FOLK IN THE QUANTOCKS: Will's Neck, the highest point in the Quantocks, rises away on the left

WILL'S NECK, HIGHEST POINT IN THE QUANTOCKS, SEEN AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF A STORMY SKY: The Ordnance Survey post records a height of 1,270 ft., whereas Dunkerry Beacon, on neighbouring Exmoor, reaches to just over 1,700 ft.

THE FUTURE OF THE QUANTOCKS

An Area of Great Natural Beauty is in Jeopardy

What will happen to the Quantock Hills? This is a question currently in the minds of Somerset folk: is the beauty of this little-known range of hills to be preserved or must it be desolated in the demand for timber?

On the one side of the dispute stands the Forestry Commission, which has acquired 1,200 acres of a small district of extreme beauty, to produce fir trees; and on the other side, the local country folk who will lose ancient rights, and all lovers of beauty of an area to be attached to Exmoor as a National Park under the Hobhouse Report.

Comparatively few people outside Somerset know the Quantock Hills; they run northwards from Taunton Dene to the Bristol Channel halfway along the Bridgwater-Minehead road. Much easier than the Mendips or Exmoor, in the same country, to explore on foot, every hour spent on the trackways, atop the hills, or deep in the valleys, brings its reward. So far, there have been no forbidding notices to warn you off, no walls or hedges to bar your way. After a gentle climb up one of the many beautiful combes, once on the 1,000-ft. contour, there is practically no more climbing along the whole of its 10 miles.

The wide views over the gleaming Bristol Channel to Wales, and, given luck, the Malvern Hills away up the Severn Estuary on one side, and the Vale of Taunton Dene, with old Dunkerry marking the horizon, on the other, fascinate you however many times you see them. You seem alone on the moor, no habitation in sight, but knowing there are little hamlets tucked away in the combes; shaggy ponies, a few sheep and birds, and an occasional herd of deer to keep you company on the hundreds of tracks used by horsemen and footmen; each time one climbs these heights the bracken and heather seem as fresh and untouched as ever.

Quantock is a possible derivation from a Celtic word meaning "waterheadlands"; most of the combes have their own little stream tumbling down seawards. The highest point of the range is Will's Neck, 1,261 ft., whilst Robin Upright, Dowsborough Camp, Lydeard Hill, Beacon Hill and Cothelstone Beacon all top the 1,000-ft. mark. The twin villages of East and West Quantoxhead, near the Bridgwater-Minehead road, lie between the sea and the north-western slopes. On the Bridgwater side, Nether Stowey may be said to be the first of the Quantock villages; to the south-east the hills descend to the grassy Vale of Taunton Dene and the busy county town itself.

Famous poets gave the literary associations to the district; they wrote their praise a century and more ago. The National Trust now owns the creeper-covered house at Nether Stowey where Coleridge made his home towards the close of the eighteenth century. Inside are preserved furniture and personal relics used by the poet; here we may imagine the "great talker" receiving his visitors, Southey, Lamb, De Quincey and Thomas Poole. The Wordsworths took Alfoxden Manor, a house in Alfoxton Park, near Holford, about this time, for which they were charged the reasonable sum of £23 annual rental. Coleridge accompanied them on many walks in the Quantocks, with Dorothy teaching her brother and colleague poets how to use their eyes on Somerset's beauty. In fact, their strange behaviour in going out in all winds and weathers, sometimes walking 30 miles in a day, alarmed the owner of the manor so much that he refused to renew the lease!

Holford is completely hidden from the outer world; a village of thatch with a tiny saddle-back church, standing at the meeting-point of two valleys. Alfoxden Manor, latterly used as a school, is reached by a lovely grove of beech and oak trees, off Hodder's Combe. It is very pleasant to begin exploring the Quantocks from here: following the tumbling stream up the densely-wooded ravine for a mile or more, until the combe opens out wide, bringing into view three alternative ways leading to the heights of Bicknoller Post and Thorncombe Hill. These have been given lovely names: Lady Edge, Bircham Wood and Adder Wood. Each has its pretty stream and winding path, all are beautiful and inviting; one must explore them one by one, with the aid of a 1-in. Ordnance Survey map.

The other way from the village, Holford Combe (or Butterfly Combe) is perhaps better known, as its first few hundred yards make a natural picnic place for tourists; but half a mile on, towards Robin Upright, and one is alone again with bracken, heather and wild life. Refugees of another age, forty Huguenots set up a silk-weaving industry in this valley, obtaining their power from the streams off the hills. Now there is but one left of the many water-wheels they made; it is a huge affair, as high as the house alongside, and has been adapted to give power for domestic uses: it drives a cider mill, an electric saw, a threshing machine, makes electricity for five houses, and, most delightful of all, revolves a shoe-polishing brush! Butterfly Combe,

THE HEDDON OAK IS SO WELL KNOWN THAT IT APPEARS ON ORDNANCE MAPS: This remarkable tree stands at a cross-roads between Stogumber and Crowcombe. From its boughs were hanged some of Monmouth's soldiers after they were condemned by Judge Jeffreys following the Battle of Sedgemoor

THE SECLUDED VILLAGE OF TRISCOMBE NESTLES AT THE FOOT OF WILL'S NECK: The gently-rounded hill is typical of the Quantock Hills, where none of the summits is spectacular

HALSWAY MANOR, ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE QUANTOCKS, BENEATH HURLEY BEACON: This noble Tudor house on the road from Bicknoller to Crowcombe stands on the site of the hunting-box of Cardinal Beaufort, guardian of Henry VI. Nearby is Crowcombe Court, the ancestral home of the Carews

A GATEWAY TO THE QUANTOCKS—BUTTERFLY COMBE, HOLFORD, BETWEEN BRIDGWATER AND NETHER STOWEY: This scene of quiet beauty is on the eastern edge of the Quantocks. The bracken-covered slopes are a haunt of the deer

THE ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE OF COMBE SYDENHAM: It was once the seat of the Sydenham family, one of whose members, Elizabeth Sydenham, became the wife of Sir Francis Drake. Legend has it that a meteorite preserved in the house was really a cannon-ball fired by Drake from the Spanish Main when his betrothed was about to wed a rival. It is said that it fell at Elizabeth's feet, interrupting the marriage in Stogumber Church. She took it as a sign and altered her mind about the wedding. Drake and Elizabeth were married in 1585

THE MANOR OF EAST QUANTOXHEAD: It is said to be the only piece of Somerset which has not been sold since the Conqueror came to Britain. The Luttrells of Dunster live at East Quantoxhead

THATCHED COTTAGES IN THE OLD VILLAGE OF HOLFORD: This is a typical Somerset village, and through the fact that it lies back from the main Bridgwater-Minehead road, it has lost none of its ancient charm in modern times

so named as it is claimed every species of English butterflies has been seen here, gives enticing glimpses of the ramparts of Dowsborough, an ancient British camp commanding the whole of this side of the Quantocks. A choice of paths leads up to the earthworks, which are easily defined.

Holford, then, is an excellent focal point from which to explore; but there are two other and equally good places on the western slopes which could be made a centre: Bicknoller and Crowcombe.

The paths up Bicknoller Combe and Weacombe (half a mile to the north) are steep, but still easy-going, and once you arrive at Bicknoller Post (a meeting-place for hunting folk), your climbing is complete. Northwards lies Beacon Hill, another vantage point; notice how a single tree or two serve as landmarks in your wanderings—the memory of such may help if you are caught out during a thunderstorm. One must be prepared in doubtful weather: there is no shelter on Quantock, as the writer knows to his cost. But the damp conclusion of one ramble down Lady's Edge was well repaid by the near sight of a herd of young deer on the hillside, which seemed to be amused at a human climbing past them in the rain.

Crowcombe, towards Taunton along the good road which runs from Williton along the foot of the Quantocks, is now bypassed away from traffic, and its age-old serenity has thus been restored. Crowcombe Court, the home of the Carews, set in the lovely wooded park, is backed by the heights of Hurley Beacon. The church, red sandstone as at Bicknoller, again boasts handsome carved bench-ends and screen—this part of Somerset is very rich in such heirlooms of the past. Two fourteenth-century crosses are preserved; the one on the village green, restored in commemoration of the 1937 Coronation, the other in the churchyard and sculptured with figures. A mile away is the Heddon Oak, which has been given the distinction of mention on the Ordnance Survey map: some of Monmouth's supporters were hung here after the Battle of Sedgemoor, condemned by Judge Jeffreys. It is believed the stump shown is all that remains of the branch used. Another relic connected with those desperate days is the gateway of Cothelstone Manor, at the foot of a southern stretch of the Quantocks. From its middle arch two more prisoners were hanged because Lord Stawell, then owner of the Manor, made a protest against the Bloody Assize.

When asked by Jeffreys to receive him in state he "refused to see his lordship." So Jeffreys, as a grim jest, ordered this execution on Stawell's gateway.

But in our circular tour we have almost passed by the Quantock villages of Combe Florey and Bishop's Lydeard. The first-named is tucked away just off the busy roadway, thatched cottages and inn making a picturesque setting for the church tower rising high above. Its old manor house has been lost, but the Elizabethan gatehouse still stands.

Bishop's Lydeard, another interesting village, makes a lovely picture across the fields from the road, its church tower backed by the slopes of Cothelstone Beacon.

Midway between Crowcombe and Cothelstone is the hamlet of Triscombe, where the walker again comes into his own. You are now under the summit of Will's Neck—reached by a steady climb up to Triscombe Stone, another popular meeting-place for huntsmen in the season. Anyone sitting on it, they say, can be sure of his wish coming true. We are again on top of the world, the tracks lead to the right and ever upwards, pointing to the Ordnance Survey post. In olden days fire beacons were kept ready here (the shape of the pits used may still be traced), to be lit on saint days and gala days. Macauley's great poem on the Armada describes how nearby Dunkerry passed on the Elizabethan message of attempted invasion to Malvern and beyond.

A mile to the north-west you will see the only farm actually on Quantock, named, naturally, Quantock Farm, standing at the head of the combe of that name, just under the 1,000-ft. contour. Pleasant enough when the sun shines, but inevitably a bleak spot in wild weather.

Such is a picture of the district it is proposed to link with Exmoor as a National Park—now comes the despoiler of beauty, the Forestry Commission. If they are allowed to do their worst, bulldozers will take over, the trees in the combes will be felled and young conifers take their place. Such plantations will be fenced in to protect them from red deer and other wild animals, and so the local people will lose their common rights. For untold centuries the right to graze livestock has been uninterrupted; so has the right to collect fallen timber after it has lain forty-eight hours; so has the right of turbary (to cut turf for burning); and the right of estovers (to cut bracken and ferns). All this would be stopped by the Forestry Commission. No more would you see sheep grazing amid whortleberries; this fruit harvest, important to the local pickers, will also be in jeopardy.

An association to fight this crime against our heritage has been formed: "The Friends of Quantock" (Secretary, Mrs. M. M. Falk, Holford, Somerset), headed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and supported by Quantock lovers all over the country. Mr. Vernon Bartlett (M.P. for Bridgwater) and Mr. Victor Collins (M.P. for Taunton) are hoping discussions with the Minister of Town and Country Planning will prevent the wanton destruction. So if you wish to prevent this, a donation of 1s. or more to the "Friends of Quantock" may help to save these lovely hills.

IN THE PRETTY VILLAGE OF CROWCOMBE: Between the trees can be seen the tower of the fine Perpendicular Church

QUANTOCK VISTA—LOOKING DOWN TO HOLFORD COMBE FROM BLACK HILL: Away in the distance is Bridgwater Bay, and between it and Black Hill are the hamlets of Putsham, Kilton and Stogursey. Black Hill is just over 1,000 ft. high and lies at the northern end of the range. At the southern end is the Vale of Taunton Dene

SECRETS OF THE LASCAUX CAVE

The Newly-Found Cavern Paintings Which May Be 20,000 Years Old

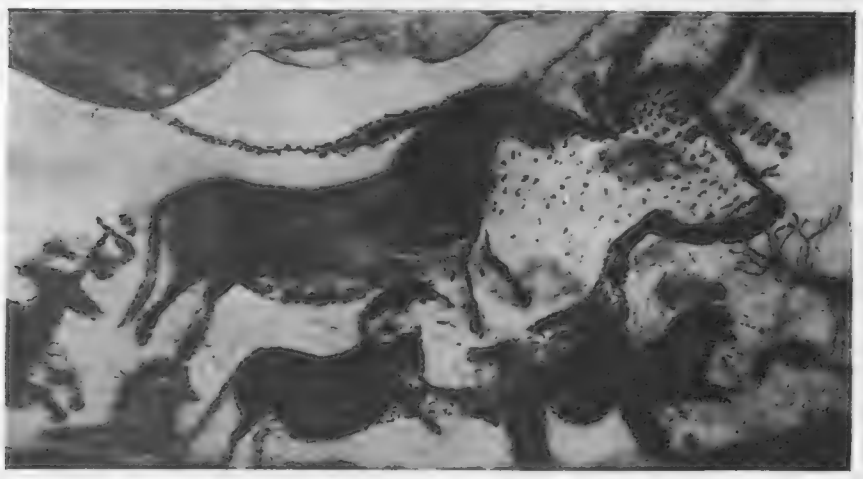
In September 1940, when Britain, fighting alone, was deeply preoccupied with the battles then going on in the air, a truly remarkable discovery was made by four boys strolling over the wooded hill overlooking the quiet little town of Montignac, on the Vezere, in the heart of the Dordogne. Their dog, engaged in some rabbiting exploit, was seen to disappear down a hole. The dog did not return. Getting tired of waiting, the boys threw some stones down the hole. To their surprise it was some time before they heard the stones land. The boys, thoroughly intrigued, hacked away at the hole until it was large enough to enter. In due course they found themselves in a vast cavern and, on lighting a torch, they were astonished to find hundreds of strange paintings of animals on the wall and on the ceiling of the passage that led away from it. Thrilled with their discovery, they called on their former schoolteacher, M. Laval, who happened to be a member of the French Prehistoric Society, and so it came about that all France heard of the Lascaux Cave. By degrees the fame of the Cave has spread throughout the world of learning, and every year more and more artists and archæologists make for the Dordogne to study these unique specimens of prehistoric art. M. Fernand Windels, who has taken an immensity of trouble in making a photographic record of these paintings, now presents them in his important new volume, *The Lascaux Cave Paintings* (published by Faber & Faber at 42s.).

It is a magnificent production, worthy of the immense subject with which it deals, and some of the reproductions on this page evidence the remarkable nature of the art which has been revealed. The main cavern in the grotto at Lascaux measures roughly 90 ft. long by 30 ft. wide. The walls all the way round are decorated with pictures of horses, cows and bulls, most of which are painted in black, red and ochre. Here also are paintings of deer, and one of a bear. The very lifelike representation of these animals, and the remarkable sense of rhythm, in the drawings are further enhanced by the astonishing state of preservation of these primitive works, which are calculated to date back some 20,000 years. As for the actual execution of these paintings, it is believed that our early ancestors, the primitive cavemen, etched the outline of the animals with pointed flint-stones. The polychrome colours (originally obtained from dyes extracted from manganese, coal, hematite and peroxide of iron) were then dabbed on with pads but with such delicacy that it can be seen how the contours have been finely scumbled. These magnificent frescoes have been perfectly preserved all these thousands of years owing to the fact that the warm, outside air and defective moisture have never penetrated the grotto. These frescoes at Lascaux, in Perigord, are about 2,000 years older than the already celebrated paintings in the caves at Altamira, in Spain.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF MONTIGNAC, ON THE VEZERE, IN THE HEART OF THE DORDOGNE, WHERE IN 1940 FOUR LOCAL BOYS DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT THE LASCAUX CAVE AND ITS WEALTH OF PREHISTORIC PAINTINGS: The arrow in the distance marks the exact position of the cave. In the extreme foreground runs the River Vezere. The magnificent frescoes of Lascaux have been perfectly preserved through the centuries, and the cave will soon be known as one of the great show-places of France

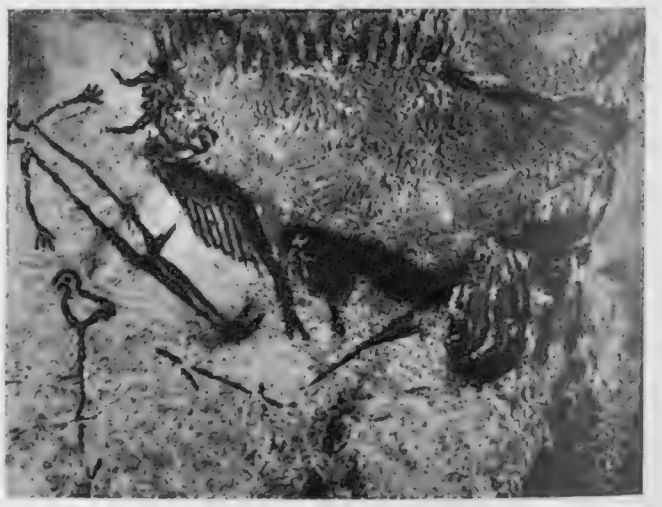
TWO REALISTIC FIGURES FOUND IN THE AXIAL PASSAGE OF THE LASCAUX CAVE: *Left*—A black horse with dappled skin and muzzle and ears retouched in deeper black. *Right*—The figure of a black bull which is superimposed on numerous drawings of oxen

A GROUP OF HORSES, DARK, TAWNY OR REDDISH AND DAPPLED WITH BLACK: This forms part of one of the most splendid of all the frescoes. The smallest of the animals is very like a Shetland pony. The length of this part of the fresco is 11 ft.



***On right*—A BISON, WOUNDED AND DISEMBOWELLED:** This piece of work was done by prehistoric man in black outline on a skin of natural clay which, at this point, coats the rock. On the left is a bird figure on a pole and the figure of a bird-headed man

***On left*—A HORSE IN RED, WITH BLACK HEAD AND LEGS, AND TWO SMALL TAWNY BROWN HORSES:** These cave paintings are superimposed on some earlier works



A PREGNANT COW IN FLAT BLACK COLOUR: This is the central subject on the walls of what is called the Nave in the Lascaux Cave

TWO STATELY HEADS: *Left*—The head of a red deer. It was painted in nigger-black. *Right*—The head of a bull in black. The large white patch is caused by flaking

AN OBSTACLE COURSE FOR U.S. TANKS

And Other Heavy-Duty Equipment at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland

A six-mile course through rivers, along twisting roads and through woods has been laid out by the American Army at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. It is a really testing obstacle course for the heaviest equipment, and there is much on the modern battlefield that is simulated in this area. Mud, water and uneven surfaces there are in plenty, and the vehicles under test, which may weigh as much as 100 tons, have to come through with flying colours if they are to be judged fit for use in the Army.

Many vehicles make the run attached to a dynamometer, and when they reach journey's end a full recording is available of their reactions.

Waterproofing is another essential for the obstacle course, and jeeps, tanks and heavy transport vehicles can all be made to ford deep streams, their engines "breathing" through special equipment placed above the waterline.

THE PATTON TANK GOES THROUGH THE WATER BATH: America's M.26, named after the distinguished leader of the Second World War, tackling a big depth of water during fording operations at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, of the United States Army's Ordnance Department. The tank is equipped with a fording device to enable its engine to "breathe" under water. The engine is itself waterproofed and the hatches are sealed. A great deal of heavy equipment is tested every year on this obstacle course

AMERICA'S BIGGEST MILITARY TRANSPORT UNDER TEST: The T-33, which is capable of transporting up to 20,000 lb. of equipment and has a seating capacity for seven persons in the cab, seen negotiating one of the rougher test roads at the Aberdeen Proving Ground. A highly adjustable suspension system enables the body of the vehicle to remain in a horizontal position, however bumpy the track. The front wheels are on two axles. The T-33 is powered by a Continental engine similar in pattern to those used in many American service planes before the Second World War

THIS MACHINE CAN TEST THE ROAD SPEED, ENGINE SPEED, FUEL CONSUMPTION AND ACCELERATION OF ANY VEHICLE IN THE U.S. ARMY: The huge truck, weighing 50 tons, is pulled over the roadways of the Aberdeen Proving Ground by the tank or other equipment under test. The dynamometer, fitted by the General Electric Company of Schenectady, to the chassis built by the Knuckey Truck Company, of San Franciso, can measure pulls up to 150,000 lb.

On right—**A TANK TRANSPORTER TAKES ON ITS LOAD: This double-ender separates, as depicted here, for loading and unloading operations. There is a driver in each compartment, and while on the road they communicate by radio. The double-ender, known as a T-8 Transport, is 55 ft. long and weighs 188,500 lb. The massive tyres are the biggest in use in the United States**

BEAUTY ON THE BORDERLAND OF WALES: The Brecon Reservoir below the Brecon Beacons, an area which will be preserved permanently for the people under the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, when the Bill, at present before Parliament, receives the Royal Assent. Of all the counties in Great Britain, Breconshire has hitherto been most neglected from a preservation point of view. The Brecon Beacons will in all probability constitute a National Park under the new Act, popularly described as "The People's Charter of the Open Air." They are within easy reach of the populous areas of South Wales

THE TAFFECHAN RESERVOIR: This is another Breconshire beauty spot which will be preserved under the People's Charter. Taffechan, five miles from Dolygaer, stands over 1,000 ft. above sea-level, with well-wooded slopes adding to the beauty of the shore line

ASHFORD-IN-THE-WATER, A TYPICAL DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE: Ashford, lying on the River Wye to the south-east of Buxton, is only a short distance from Haddon Hall. It is a great area for walkers wishing to explore the rugged beauties of the Peak District

This ENGLAND and the PEOPLE'S CHARTER

SOME OF THE NATIONAL BEAUTY SPOTS INCLUDED IN THE NATIONAL PARKS AND ACCESS TO COUNTRY-SIDE BILL

From Bryce's Access to Mountains Bill of 1888 to the Act of 1939, which has been criticised as inadequate and complicated, the movement for allowing public access to uncultivated land has grown steadily in strength. At the time of writing the House of Lords has before it the latest and most sweeping measure in this respect, the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Bill. By Christmas, it is hoped, the Bill will have become an Act upon the Statute Book. As a result a tenth of the whole of England and Wales will be "access land," and it is hoped that the National Parks Commission will play a vast part in giving new scope to the recreational activities of the nation. In the Lake District, in Wales, on Dartmoor, on Exmoor, in the Peak District, on the South Downs, in the Black Mountains and in the Brecon Beacons the new parks will come into being. A national survey will be made of existing footpaths and bridleways, and in due course it is hoped statutory maps will make their appearance and the rights of way will be well and truly laid down for all to see under the terms of the People's Charter.

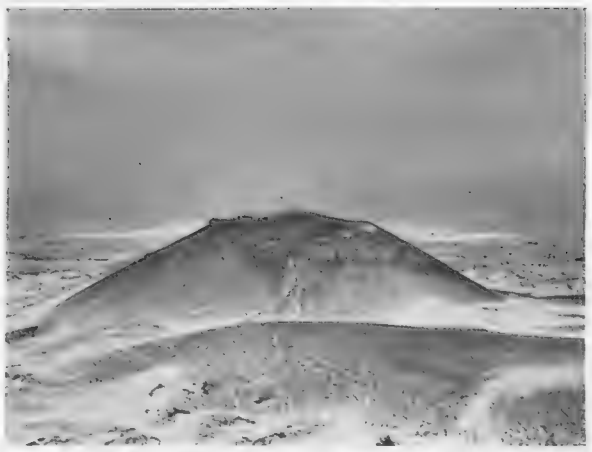
DARTMOOR IN ITS MIDSUMMER GLORY : This is the celebrated Dartmeet Bridge at the confluence of the East Dart and West Dart. Dartmoor, described on more than one occasion as "a monstrous lump of granite with a sponge of peaty soil," occupies an area of about 150 square miles, and, together with adjoining Exmoor, the Quantocks and the Mendips, forms an almost continuous stretch of terrain ideally suited to the walker. The scenery at Dartmeet is typical of the wooded valleys round Dartmoor

THE WEST DART AT HEXWORTHY : This is a typical stretch of Dartmoor scenery. It has an attraction for the fisherman as well as the walker, for the rivers and their tributary streams are well stocked with trout. The moor also offers much of interest to antiquarians, abounding in menhirs, kitsvaens and stone circles

ONE OF THE NATURAL BEAUTIES IN THE DERBYSHIRE PEAK DISTRICT WHICH WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY RECEIVE PROTECTION FROM THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER : The viaduct across Monsal Dale. Through the valley winds the Wye, hardly less beautiful than its namesake which rises in Central Wales and runs into the Severn

MARION ISLAND VISITED

A Meteorological Station in the Indian Ocean



THREE SISTER HILL : The Prince Edward Islands, of which Marion is the larger, are of volcanic origin and consist generally of a main extinct cone with secondary outcrops (as in the above picture) dotted round the main island. Some of these outcrops or hills are craters, in the centres of which are ponds of clear water, which freeze solid in the winter months

SEA ELEPHANTS IN A FRIENDLY SCUFFLE : These two young bull sea elephants posed in the sun for their photograph. At times they will fight furiously, lunging at one another with open mouths and ripping the hide

THE COURTING ALBATROSS : The birds lay their eggs in the summer months of January and February. The large white egg is incubated by both male and female, and is never left for fear of attacks by skuas

THE EGG HATCHES OUT : Mother albatross listens as the chick breaks its way out of the shell. Eggs start to hatch in April or May—autumn on the islands

Marion Island is the larger of two uninhabited islands in the South Indian Ocean known as the Prince Edward group. The islands, which are of volcanic origin, are the breeding places of hundreds of thousands of sea birds. Sea elephants up to 15 ft. long are also numerous. These enormous seals resemble great slugs ; they lie about in groups on the beaches, and only move slowly and with difficulty over land. They are moderately tame, but when approached, they lift their cat-like heads, open cavernous mouths, and roar hoarsely at the intruder. Occasionally fur seals and sea leopards from the south are seen too, and the killer whale or grampus is often met in small schools.

Roughly circular in shape, the lower slopes of both islands, although grass-covered, are unpleasantly marshy, which makes walking from place to place very difficult and dangerous.

The highest point on Marion, known as Jan Smuts Peak, is 3,890 ft. above sea-level. Composed chiefly of rock and volcanic cinders, the upper slopes are snow-covered throughout the year. Icebergs are sighted at times in the winter months, for the temperature of the sea is never many degrees above freezing point. The islands, which are situated well in the area known by mariners as the " Roaring Forties," have a poor climate, strong gales and heavy seas being common throughout the year. Snowfalls during December and January (mid-summer) are often experienced, and the daily sunshine seldom exceeds 2½ hrs. In winter it is even less.

There are no sheltered bays or harbours. During the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, however, the islands were visited occasionally by whalers and sealers from the Cape. Parties of men were put ashore to collect sea-elephant oil, which they found was a valuable substitute for whale oil. These men slept in caves, or built primitive wooden huts. No trees of any description grow on these islands, so wood had to be brought from South Africa for the purpose. Their hardships and sufferings were great, and sometimes man was not able to compete against the stronger forces of Nature. Ships and boats were wrecked on the islands' inhospitable shores, and scurvy also took its toll. There are several graves on the islands, but most who lost their lives were victims of the sea itself.

Britain has always been the recognised owner of the islands of the Prince Edward group, but the nearest inhabited land is Southern Africa, 1,000 miles to the north-west.

The advent of rocket projectiles and other modern weapons of war caused the British and South African Governments to appreciate the military value of the islands. In a future conflict, some hostile power might use them as a valuable link in communications. South Africa would thus be placed in a precarious position ; consequently, the British Government recommended South Africa's annexation of the islands so that they would not fall into undesirable hands. This was readily agreed to, for, quite apart from matters of defence, they would be useful from a meteorological aspect.

So, in December, 1948, a frigate of the South African Naval Forces proceeded to each island, planted the Union flag, and left a small temporary occupation force under canvas on the larger—Marion Island.

Eventually it was decided to erect a permanent meteorological and wireless station on the island. In relays, two cargo vessels and further units of the South Africal Naval Forces arrived with stores, hutments and personnel ; and a construction party was put ashore to complete building operations.

When all was complete, the permanent party moved in. This consisted of four South Africans : a meteorological officer in charge (the writer), a radio mechanician, a wireless operator and a medical orderly ; and six Tristan da Cunha islanders, who were to act as labourers and general handymen.

These ten remained the sole occupants of the islands throughout the winter of 1948, and are believed to have been the first persons ever to have remained so long there. Weather reports were sent by radio regularly twice a day, and communication was also established with a similar Australian expedition on Heard Island, 1,000 miles away.

To-day, eighteen months after the original annexation, there is still a small party of meteorologists and wireless men there ; their weather reports are found very useful for meteorological forecasts in Southern Africa, as well as Australia. It is not known how long the island will remain occupied, but until such time as the South African Government decides otherwise, ships of their newly-formed Navy will continue to have valuable deep-sea experience in navigation, as they journey twice a year towards the Antarctic with relief personnel for the lonely station on Marion Island.

SEALER'S CAVE, MARION ISLAND—A BLUBBER FIRE : At the end of the last century, sealers in search of blubber oil and skins came to the islands for short spells, living in caves, where possible, to save the transport of building materials. In winter, the caves were cold and a large fire of sea-elephant blubber was always kept burning at the mouth of the cave

A SEA ELEPHANT COW BASKS IN SEALER'S CAVE : There are probably about 700 sea elephants on the island, but the difficulty of making landings with no sheltered bays or harbours prevents any attempt to work the Prince Edward Islands for their oil

GENTOO PENGUINS : The Gentoos nest in grassy hummocks in small rookeries varying from 20 to 200 birds. King and Gentoo penguins remain on Marion Island throughout the year: Grasshoppers and Macaronies migrate for several months, returning in September

BOUND for QUEEN MAUD LAND

The Three-Nations Expedition in the *Norsel*

A new venture in international co-operation received the blessing of scientists and geographers when the 700-ton sealing vessel *Norsel* set out from London last week after picking up British stores and personnel. The *Norsel*, of Tromso, is a typical Norwegian sealer with strengthened ribbing, and she carries a party of Norwegian, Swedish and British scientists to Queen Maud Land, Antarctica, on a purely scientific expedition. The *Norsel* has been chartered by the expedition solely for transport. Her exact destination is unknown, and it will rest with the leader, Captain John Giaver, a well-known Norwegian Polar explorer, to decide where to land and establish a mainland base. It seems obvious that the *Norsel* will make for hitherto unexplored terrain, and to guide her through the pack-ice and to find a suitable base, R.A.F. pilots will use their Auster aircraft. Some trips inland may be made in the first southern autumn ashore, but the main programme will be carried out in the season of 1950-51. For that purpose the expedition is equipped with three weasels (a special type of snow tractor) and sixty sledging dogs.

THE SEALING VESSEL "NORSEL," OF TROMSO, WHICH IS TAKING BRITISH, NORWEGIAN AND SWEDISH SCIENTISTS TO QUEEN MAUD LAND, ANTARCTICA: The 700-ton vessel seen in Shadwell Basin, London Docks, before the start of the southward journey. The scientists will spend two years on the ice-covered mainland of North-East Antarctica, known as Queen Maud Land. They hope to be back in Europe in the spring of 1952

SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE GOING SOUTH: Flight-Lieutenant Tudor, R.A.F., Valter Schytt (Swedish), Squadron-Leader Walford (who will lead the R.A.F. party), Captain Giaver (spotted jersey), leader of the wintering party, Nils Poer, of Norway, and Nils Schumacher. Seated are Gordon Robin, an Australian physicist, and Tom Stobart. The R.A.F. party will use Auster planes in order to find a suitable base for the expedition

"MAKING FAST" ON THE DECK OF THE M.V. "NORSEL": Members of the expedition tying down the sledges which will be used by the various parties which strike out from the main base in Queen Maud Land to explore unknown sections of the Antarctic

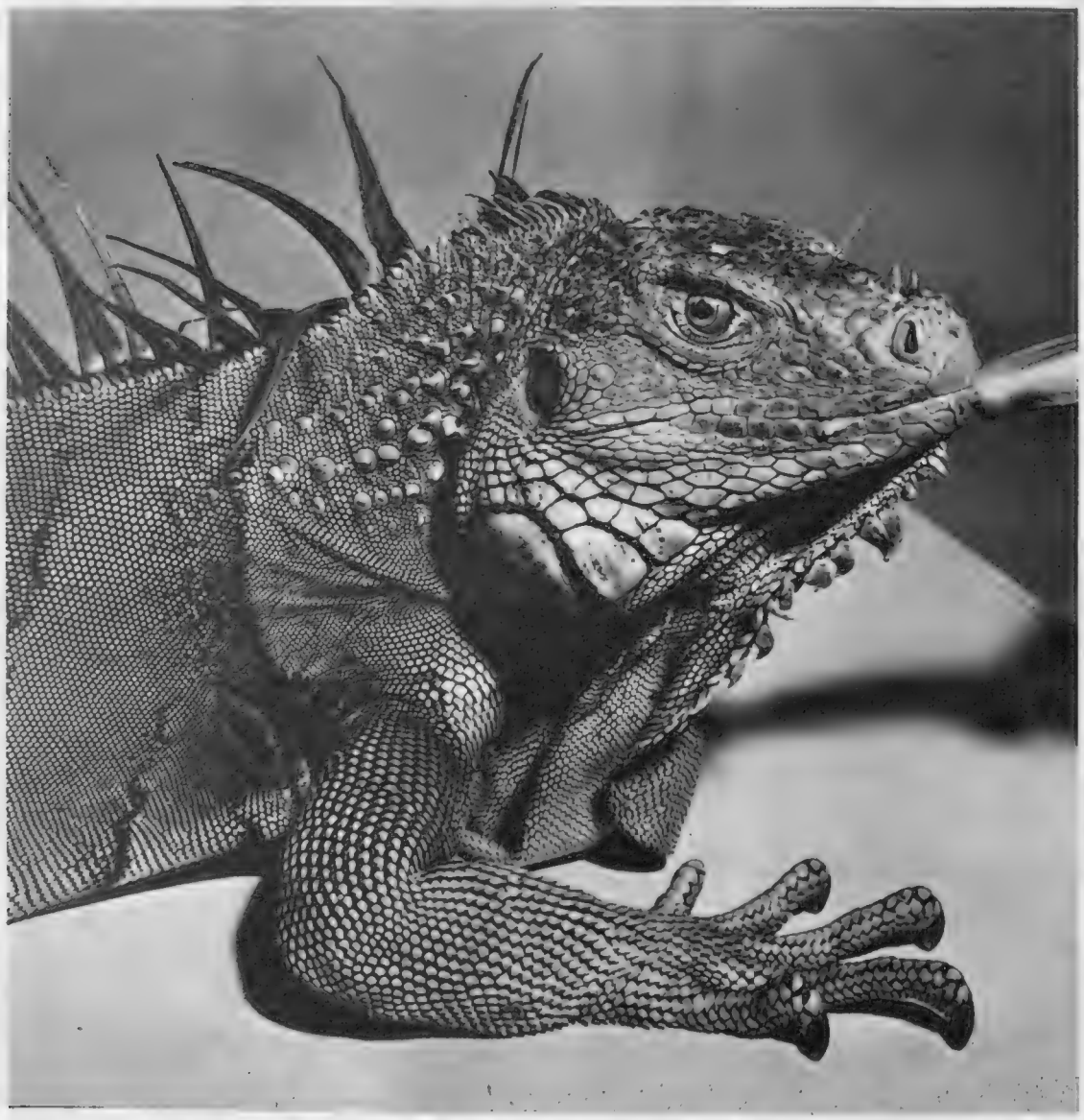
THE PROFESSORS CONFER: Professor Ahlman, of Stockholm, and Professor Harald Sverdrup, Director of the Norwegian Polar Institute and organiser of the expedition, on the deck of the M.V. "Norsel" in the Thames. The professors joined with eminent British geographers and scientists in wishing good luck to this first international expedition of its kind

LIFE UNDER WATER

THE MATA MATA'S "SCHNORKEL": THE AMERICAN BULLFROG: A GREEN AND BLACK LIZARD: AND A CASE OF SELF-DEFENCE

Most of the pictures on these pages have originated from aquariums in Britain and America. The pictures on this page illustrate life in the Zoos of the New World, while the pictures of the Puffer fish in normal and inflated state come from the London Zoo. The Bullfrog and the Mata Mata Turtle seldom leave the water; the Turtle having his own device for inhaling air while remaining at the bottom of his tank. It is believed that this species developed the breathing tube as a protective measure against shore-going enemies in the Amazon jungles. The American Bullfrog differs from the small (Eastern) wood frogs, which spend most of their lives in wooded areas. These small frogs, while moving about on land, capture live insects for their food.

A FREE RIDE ON THE SPACIOUS BACK OF A KING-SIZE COUSIN—AN AMUSING EPISODE AT THE BRONX ZOO: The small bullfrog is seen perched high on the back of the largest-known American bullfrog. He was brought to the Zoo by a group of Boy Scouts. The big bullfrogs seldom leave the water. They hatch from floating jelly-like masses and spend two years as polliwogs before acquiring their first hind-legs



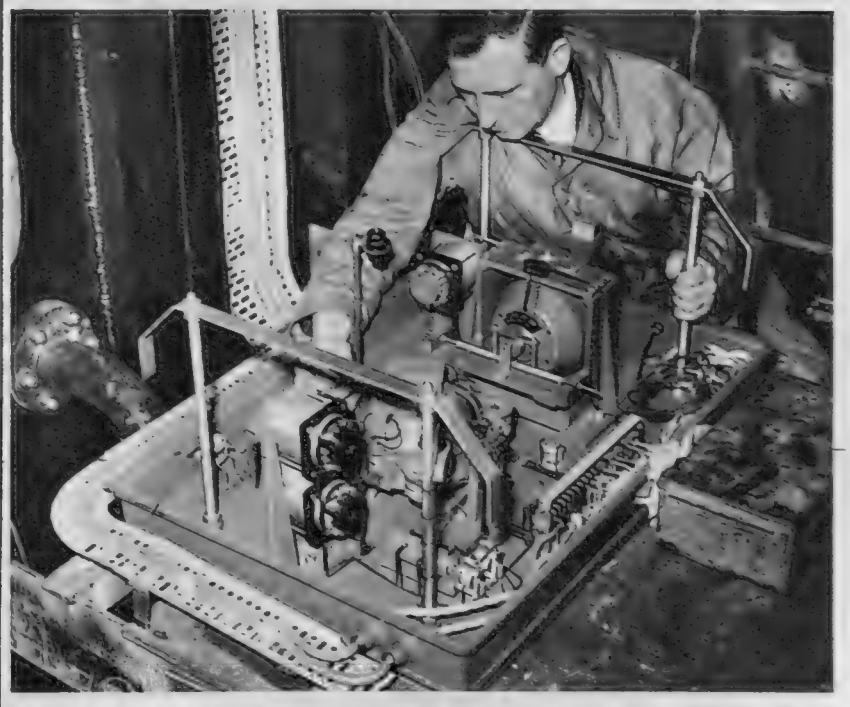
THIS FELLOW'S COLOURING WOULD PUT A RAINBOW TO SHAME—AN IGUANA LIZARD FROM THE CENTRAL AND NORTHERN DISTRICTS OF SOUTH AMERICA: He is a ferocious-looking reptile and resembles a prehistoric monster. He is here seen being fed through a tube in New York. His skin is a bright green with bars of black on the tail. It is the largest of the lizard species found in America. It measures over 6 ft.

WAS THIS THE ORIGIN OF THE GERMAN "SCHNORKEL"?—A MATA MATA TURTLE BREATHES FRESH AIR WHILE REMAINING AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS TANK IN LINCOLN PARK ZOO, CHICAGO: The pictures above show the turtle as it prepares to uncurl its neck for the hourly "breather" at the surface. *On right*—The "Schnorkel" breathing tube in action. While at the surface the turtle inhales enough air during about four minutes and then recoils its neck to regain its rock-like posture at the tank bottom. During this process the turtle never moves its body off the bottom of the tank. The water is about 12 ins. deep. The Mata Matas measure about 14 to 16 ins. across the shell and are shaped to resemble the less prepossessing rocks at the bottom of the Amazon which they inhabit

NOT A CASE OF SELF-INDULGENCE—A PUFFER FISH PUFFS IN SELF-DEFENCE TO A VOLUMINOUS SIZE: The inflationary action of the fish demonstrated by a member of London Zoo's aquarium. The puffer fish from Madeira is normally a small fish, but at the slightest hint of danger it puffs itself up to enormous proportions, not so much to frighten away the enemy as to secure immunity from being swallowed

THE DUMBO LIFEBOAT—HOW THE LIFEBOAT WAS DROPPED TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE CRASHED B.29 IN THE ATLANTIC: The lifeboat was dropped from a B.17 search plane which had found the survivors of the B.29. The wrecked plane was on a 4,100-mile flight from California to Bermuda when it ran out of fuel during bad weather. The survivors were later picked up by the Canadian destroyer "Haida." The death-roll of the crash was two. The Dumbo lifeboat is released from under the plane and is eased to the water by the assistance of a 100-ft. parachute, which in this picture has not yet opened but is streaming aft. Fins are used to stabilise the boat during the drop, and are jettisoned after landing. The metal-constructed Dumbo is 30 ft. long, and weighs nearly 2 tons when loaded

THE "INVICTA" ADOPTS THE STABILISER—THE STARBOARD "HYDROFOIL" ON THE CROSS-CHANNEL VESSEL: The stabilisers fitted to this British Railways vessel are not expected to eliminate the ship's roll completely, but it may be reduced to as little as 5 deg.



COUNTERACTING THE SHIP'S ROLL—THE IN-BOARD EQUIPMENT OF THE DENNY BROWN STABILISER ON BOARD THE "INVICTA": Retractable fins or "hydrofoils" project from the sides of the ship amidships, well below the water-line. These are attached to shafts so that the leading edge can be tilted up or down rapidly by electro-hydraulic power. The power is applied automatically by means of a small gyroscope immediately the ship begins a roll, and elevates one fin whilst depressing the other. The effect of this on the vessel is similar to that of ailerons on an aeroplane. When not in use the fins are retracted into boxes in the hull of the ship. The stabiliser is controlled from the bridge

NIGHT WORK ON THE SOUTH BANK

And Other Home News Pictures

NIGHT AND DAY, WORK PROCEEDS ON THE CONCERT HALL FOR THE 1951 EXHIBITION: *On left*—The scene after dark, when powerful lights aid workers on the new L.C.C. Concert Hall, the only permanent building on the South Bank site. *On right*—A new stage is reached in the construction of the hall, which is situated between County Hall and Waterloo Bridge. The foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Attlee in October. The L.C.C. Concert Hall, which will seat approximately 3,150, will be at the disposal of the Festival of Britain during the period of the exhibition from May to September 1951. It will be the prominent feature of the Downstream Sequence (that is, downstream of Hungerford Bridge, which divides the site). The Dome of Discovery will dominate the Upstream Sequence, and it is round these two main structures that the smaller buildings will be grouped

THE SWANS GO BY AIR: These four two-year-old Thames swans, a gift of the Vintners' Company to the French racehorse owner M. Marcel Boussac, went by private plane from Lympne Aerodrome, in Kent, to France. The neat little parcels, made by sewing the swans into bags after tying their legs and wrapping them in sacking, were the work of Richard Turk, swankeeper of the Vintners' Company for forty-five years

END-OF-THE-FLAT-SEASON DINNER: Fifty well-known jockeys met at the Belfry Club to hold their annual dinner. Gordon Richards, champion jockey again with 261 wins, is toasted by Evans, Edgar Britt, D. Smith, Tommy Burns, and Michael Beary. The table was decorated with the racing colours of Mr. Winston Churchill for this year's dinner, of which Lord Allendale, Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, was chairman. The menu, embellished with sketches of famous jockeys, was headed with the words "The Weigh-in to Dinner"

U.S. SERVICEMEN BUY BRITISH CARS THROUGH P.X. STORES: Captain Meade Lemme, U.S.A.F., shows his new M.G. to Colonel B. L. Riggs, Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Guthrie and Captain G. W. Huff. The American P.X. (post exchange) system permits U.S. military personnel in Britain to buy cars at the same price as they would pay in America. Thus they avoid purchase tax and benefit by the devalued pound. They must agree not to resell their car to a British subject

AN 84-FT. COLUMN NEGOTIATES LONDON: The steel fractionating column turns out of Rye Lane into Peckham High Street on the first stage of its 250-mile journey to Stanlow, in Cheshire. Messrs. G. A. Harvey, of Greenwich, constructed the column, which is the largest piece of equipment ever made in Britain for the home oil industry. It was ordered for next February and has been delivered three months ahead of schedule. The column, 84 ft. long, 10 ft. 8 ins. in diameter and weighing 115 tons, will form one of the towers at the £16,000,000 oil refinery now being built at Stanlow. It was transported on a 32-wheeled double bogie drawn by two 20-ton tractors, occupying a total length of 166 ft. A third tractor accompanied the column to help on hills

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE FEAST OF ST. CECILIA IN LONDON: The procession of vested clergy enter the Church of St. Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct, for the annual service. The choir was drawn from the Chapel Royal, Canterbury, Winchester, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of the City of London attended church; Sir Frederick Rowland later presiding at the Festival Luncheon at the Connaught Rooms. The celebrations, which culminated with a concert at the Albert Hall, were organised by the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music provided fanfares during the day

GENERAL SMUTS ATTENDS A DINNER IN LONDON TO CELEBRATE THE SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY OF THE PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL, DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN: Left to right are—Dr. M. Eliash, Israeli Minister in London; Lady Nathan; General Smuts, and Lord Nathan. The dinner raised £60,000, which will provide 180,000 trees for the "Weizmann Forest" on the hills of Israel, the birthday gift to Dr. Weizmann inaugurated by General Smuts. Lord Samuel, a former High Commissioner for Palestine, who presided at the dinner, said that the forest on the hills of Judea would be an ever-growing monument. Dr. Weizmann had recorded a reply (which the guests did not hear owing to a technical hitch) and the Government of Israel sent a message of greetings which was read by Dr. Eliash

FILMING A PACK OF FOXHOUNDS: Farmer D. B. Stephens, of Llangybi, in Cardiganshire, has lent his hounds to Sir Alexander Korda for the film he is making of Mary Webb's novel "Gone to Earth." Stephens heard that Sir Alexander was having difficulty in finding a pack of foxhounds for the film, and proposed that he should act as Huntsman and as Master of Foxhounds. The British Field Sports Society had asked Masters of Foxhounds not to lend their packs owing to the anti-hunting theme of the book

ENGLAND'S LARGEST FRUIT-PACKING STATION: Work proceeds on the offices at Faversham, Kent, at the same time as fruit is unloaded in the bays. The station covers an area of five acres, with another two or three for extensions which are now being planned. The new factory is built entirely of reinforced concrete and brick and was designed by Howard Lester. The cost of the building is in the region of £180,000, and the station will handle fruit from 1,500 acres of orchards. Packing has already started and the output at the moment is 4,000 bushels per day. The capacity of the stores is 2,500 tons with nine grading bays

CRUSHING APPLES IN AN ANCIENT PRESS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: *Left*—Queenie, a thirty-year-old mare, pulls the heavy stone wheel while Mr. L. Steel, of Church End, Slimbridge, and his assistant, level apples in the trough. *On right*—Mr. Steel makes the "cheese" from the crushed apples as a preliminary to pressing out the juice for the cider-making. He expects to produce 750 gallons of cider this year from apples from his own orchards. The old apple press in the picture above is believed to be the last of its type to be used in the West Country, and is one of the very few of its kind left in Britain

DEMOLISHING THE HOUSE THAT NASH BUILT

A CISTERCIAN ABBEY FOR SALE

EAST COWES CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT, BUILT IN 1800 BY THE GREAT ARCHITECT JOHN NASH AS A RESIDENCE FOR HIMSELF: **Considerable regret has been expressed in architectural circles that the house is to be taken down. It is somewhat of a curiosity, having been built in Gothic style which bears no relation to the great Regency achievements of the architect.** East Cowes Castle was completed in 1800; and in 1831, when Nash retired from business, he went to live there. He died at the Castle in May 1835 in his eighty-third year. Nash was all his life a student of Gothic, and it is said that through his advice and encouragement Pugin took a similar interest in the style

THE GRACEFUL STAIRCASE WITHIN EAST COWES CASTLE: Here indeed is a reminder of the John Nash, of Regency fame, rather than the Nash who delighted in the revival of Gothic

THE RUINS OF ENGLAND'S FIRST CISTERCIAN ABBEY WHICH HAVE BEEN PUT UP FOR SALE WITH THE WAVERLEY ESTATE: These two views show remains of the Abbey, which lies in the Surrey parish of Tilford. Also in the sale will be a Georgian mansion. Over 100 acres of land are offered. The Cistercian Order was founded in France in 1098, representing a return to the strictest observances of the Benedictine Order. It was noted for the extraordinary severity of its rule

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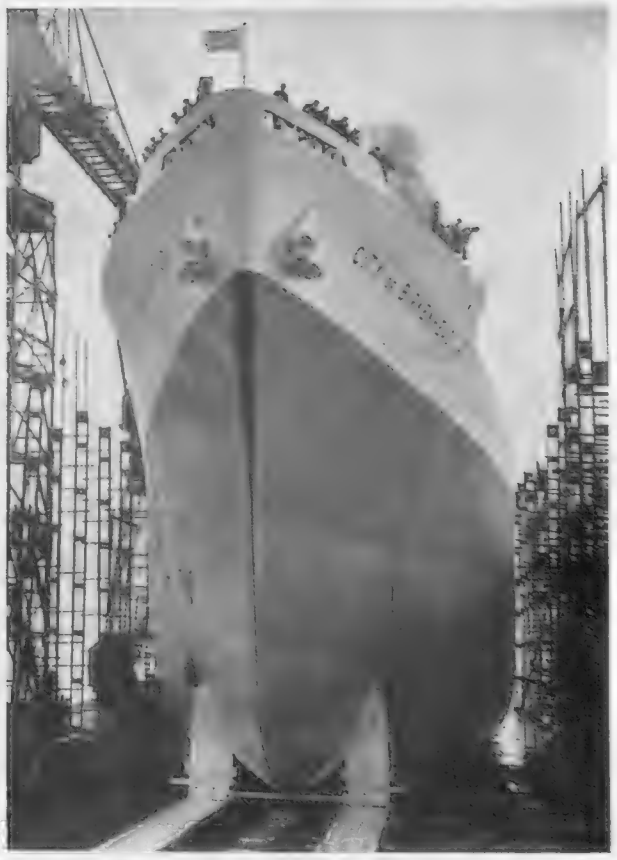
STRA[illegible] ON A REEF WITH HER BOWS WELL OUT OF THE WATER—A FLEETWOOD TRAWLER COMES GRIEF IN THE WESTERN ISLES: "Evelyn Rose" aground in the Sound of Islay. When the vessel dered, a 20-ft. hole was ripped in her bows. As the ship lay stranded, lifeboats stood by. Later Port Askaig lifeboat took off eight of the crew, leaving the skipper and nine others still on board

Ships and the Sea

A STRANDING and A LAUNCHING



THE "CITY OF BIRKENHEAD" TAKES THE WATER—THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW ELLERMAN CARGO LINER FROM CAMMELL LAIRD'S BIRKENHEAD SHIPYARD: *On left*—The new vessel being towed into the shipbuilders' fitting-out basin. *On right*—The 7,000-ton "City of Birkenhead" sliding down the slipways after the launching ceremony, performed by Mrs. G. W. Bayley, wife of a director of the Ellerman Line. The new cargo liner is expected to be completed by the end of March of next year and is designed for service in the regular Eastern trades of the Company. Two cabins are being built for passenger accommodation

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TALENT, NOT WITHOUT MALICE

Elizabeth Eliot has Produced What Should Prove an Immediate Success

BECAUSE it is the current Book Society choice, ALICE (Cassell. 8s. 6d.), by Elizabeth Eliot, would be due for an immediate success; a remarkable thing to happen to any first novel. The first thing to strike a reviewer about it is its easy assurance and absence of those immature faults of technique which can be so excusable in most first novels.

For instance, Miss Eliot does not disdain Mr. Somerset Maugham's wise dictum that a story should have a beginning, a middle and an end. We first meet Alice at one of those shockingly inadequate schools at which the daughters of the well-to-do were supposed to have been educated in the still comparatively easy years between the wars. In due course she and her friend, who writes the story, go to one of those finishing schools in Paris and then are "presented" and "come out" with all the paraphernalia attendant upon the launching of debutantes. Alice is beautiful and amusing, and is very soon married: whether it is to escape the environment of her family or because it is "the thing to do," it is difficult to determine. Her husband, the good-looking, but cold, detached Cassius, is also typical of the period. So is her sister, Sonia, whose manners and morals are untidy, to say the least of it, and who seems to cause trouble to everyone concerned, including Alice. The story carries on through a series of further entanglements until Alice finally decides to make an attempt to build a life of her own. Now, Miss Eliot has a gift for sustained narrative, an ability to make her characters both human and credible and, above all, a gift for piquant observation which is sly, mischievous and witty. I can pay her no higher compliment than to say that the nearest thing to it I know in literature are the deliciously malicious books of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. If there is a fault, she seems to make the "I" of the story a little too anxious to please, for it is a trait which does not fit too easily the positive character which emerges.

A more mature talent, and a considerable one, is that of Mr. James Gould Cozzens, who belongs to a vintage generation of American writers. GUARD OF HONOUR (Longmans Green. 12s. 6d.) is a very long novel, but its action covers no more than three days at an air base in Florida. The date is 1943, and I suppose for that reason it could be described as a war novel. The war, however germane to the plot, is not essential to it, but the large amount of detailed description is necessary to its development, since the action is as ephemeral and non-static as most things connected with war. Roughly the story deals with how regular officers—career-men and their women—react to the temporaries, the civilians in uniform, to their own careers, and to the war itself. These are the outward trappings, but the real significance consists of a study of a number of individuals thrown together in exceptional circumstances and how each reacts according to his or her character.

Mr. Cozzens not only achieves a detailed and extremely interesting story out of it all, but he also brings off a picture of his country and countrymen in terms which have not been equalled since Mr. Sinclair Lewis wrote his early novels. *Guard of Honour* is very nearly a great novel, and certainly should be a salutary lesson to some of those of his younger contemporaries who are apt to mistake the rough-stuff for realism.

MARY OF DELIGHT (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is an historical novel by Naomi Jacob, who has a formidable list of fiction and other works to her name. With reason do her publishers describe her as "one of the most successful and versatile authors of to-day." It is about Mary Queen of Scots, and if there is anything new to be told about that fascinating and tragic character, Miss Jacob is surely the one to find it and to write it. "This book," they say, "is best described as a love history," which, indeed, it is. The lovers are many and varied enough to spice a romantic tale, and I imagine that there will be many thousands of delighted readers who will accept the tragedy of it all with a sigh of gratitude for its easy sentimentality.

A PROVINCIAL AFFAIR (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), by Francis Williams, is set, as its title implies, in the English Midlands. The scene is the manufacturing town of Grindley in the immediate pre-war period, and the characters belong to a rich manufacturing family of those parts. The action concerns the utilisation of a new process for making artificial silk and the attempted exploitation of it by a London financial house who send a representative up there to see what he can do about it. There is also an ex-Professor, refugee from the Nazis, who finds his experiments the subject of a tussle between these varying elements. In this field Mr. Francis Williams obviously knows what he is writing about, and the story runs competently and smoothly. In fact, it is a highly readable novel.

SURREY THROUGH THE AGES: Visiting schoolgirls inspecting Local Government records, some of which go back to the thirteenth century, at the Exhibition of Surrey Records at the County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames. Sections of the exhibition deal with the religious life of the county, land tenure, raising the militia, industry and trade

Readability is also the gift which has secured for Miss Monica Dickens such a large number of devoted readers. FLOWERS ON THE GRASS (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is about a fellow called Daniel, an unstable type and just about as feckless as most artists know how to be. Miss Dickens takes her title from that old song "Where My Caravan Has Rested," and so, in the manner of caravanners, her hero does not rest in any place for very long. This enables Miss Dickens to turn her inquiring and observant eye upon a number of things, ranging from life in a country cottage to the lusty loudness of a North-Country holiday camp: from a genteel Bayswater hotel to one of those schools at which, upon a word from a master, the pupils do as they like.

An historical novel of an unusual kind is SINUHE THE EGYPTIAN, by Mika Waltari (Putnam. 12s. 6d.), translated from the Finnish. It is of the period of Akhnaton and, therefore, one rich in colour and in the drama of the clash of personalities in a strange society. This novel is remarkable for the author's ability to translate unfamiliar facts and happenings into modern idiom and make them come alive.

First among the general books this week must come THE CONDOR AND THE COWS, by Christopher Isherwood (Methuen. 21s.). It is the travel diary of a journey in South America covering six months in the autumn of 1947 and the winter of 1948. Mr. Isherwood travelled from Venezuela to Buenos Aires, half-way down the Pacific side of the Andes through Colombia, thence to Ecuador, to Peru, Bolivia, and La Paz. He seems to have missed out Brazil, Uruguay and Chile. He was looking for contrasts, and he found them. Politics and culture are omnipresent, and the book is plentifully illustrated with some fine photographs. Mr. Isherwood appears to have returned to the U.S.A., where he lives, much refreshed and exhilarated.

Dr. Edward Hume, an American physician, also undertook a journey—to China. Unlike Mr. Isherwood, he stayed there, to lay the foundations of the Yale-in-China Medical Schools. This happened in the early years of the century, when, in China, foreigners were looked upon with suspicion, and more often than not, with open hostility. DOCTORS EAST, DOCTORS WEST (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is the story of how the medical schools were founded, maintained and subsequently flourished. Dr. Hume and his colleagues had to move carefully through the wall of suspicion, prejudice and against the competition not only of astrologers, soothsayers and magic spells, but of the baffling competition of the Chinese doctors themselves. This is a wonderful record of achievement gained through the kind of friendship that can only come through sympathy and understanding.

Mr. R. M. Graves, who was the Mayor of Jerusalem during the critical years of 1947 and 1948, is a half-brother of Robert Graves. EXPERIMENT IN ANARCHY (Gollancz. 15s.) is his own record of those violent days when history was being made. It largely consists of a diary which he kept during his period of office as Mayor, and this is preceded by a valuable and interesting sketch of the Old and New Cities, and the book is rounded off by a chapter setting forth the political arguments, with an appraisal of the situation at the time the book was written.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, by André Mikhelson (Putnam. 18s.), is described as "a frank autobiography of youthful dissipation," which is putting it mildly. The author is the son of a wealthy Russian who in the 1920's miraculously got him out of Soviet Russia at the age of sixteen, and settled down to live with him at Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva. While his father was alive, he kept the boy hard at work at his studies and short of money, but this did not prevent an indulgence in clandestine excursions into dissipation. The number of ladies, ranging from housemaids to visiting Americans, who fell for this young man's charms, make a formidable tally, and from the moment his father dies and he proceeds to "blue" his inheritance, he is scarcely out of bed with somebody. All of which is described in meticulous detail until the point came when one reader at least rather hoped that he would break his neck doing sixty round a hairpin bend in one of those monotonously fast cars. However, I am glad to say that he did not, and so he survives to tell this rather tawdry tale.

CICERO

THE IMPASSIONED ORATOR AS A CAREFREE LETTER-WRITER

To those who seek him out Marcus Tullius Cicero is more fully revealed as a personality than any other political figure in the days when Rome was drifting from constitutional government to absolute dictatorship, when the first and greatest of the Cæsars was constructing his system of Empire. Cicero, who was born at Arpinum, near the battlefield of Cassino, in 106 B.C., and died at the hands of Anthony's emissaries in December 43 B.C., left behind nearly 800 letters. Unlike the Ciceronian orations, studied to a degree, flowery in the manner of the Romans, and marked by the hypocrisy common to the age, the letters are vivid, spontaneous and alive with detail, reflecting the character of their writer, whose egotism, vanity and indiscretion led him to set down much that others might have shrewdly avoided. These letters, with all their dramatic quality, are less well known to the reading public than they deserve to be, perhaps in part because we are inclined to think of Cicero first and foremost as an orator, as a toga-clad figure attitudinising on a pedestal—an inevitable legacy of our school-days. For too long perhaps the high-sounding phrases of Cicero, the orator, have represented the first introduction to the great Roman; the intensely human letters, because they require a knowledge of the historic background, have lain neglected by all but the scholar. Mr. L. P. Wilkinson, Fellow and Senior Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, now presents a new selection and new translations of the LETTERS OF CICERO (Geoffrey Bles. 15s.). He links the letters by means of short but informative notes on the background of the times. He has avoided the weightier material, not hesitating to leave out parts of letters which are less interesting and intelligible than the rest. The cumulative effect, the reader may find, is a sense of sharing Cicero's life and thoughts from day to day. Ambitious, vain and vacillating he certainly appears, but his high ideals, his kindly and essentially lovable nature shine through as they seldom do in Ciceronian oratory. Mr. Wilkinson certainly gives the lie to the French savant who, two years ago, used the letters to produce an unrelieved indictment of Cicero, revealing him as a social, financial and political crook, a weak-kneed counterpart of Pierre Laval, an estimate which was in some quarters accepted over-hastily at the time.

Whether we make our estimates of Russian character from the behaviour of Andrei Vishinsky at Lake Success or the behaviour of Chekhov's characters on the stage, or attempt to delve rather deeper, the result is usually much the same—mystification. Geoffrey Gorer, who not so long ago told us all about *The Americans*, and Dr. John Rickman, a psycho-analyst who knew Russia in revolutionary days, have attempted in THE PEOPLE OF GREAT RUSSIA (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.) to produce a balanced appraisal. It is doubtful if they have more than scratched the surface of the problem, but all honour to them for trying. One dominant thought emerges towards the end. The authors have a feeling that Russia would not precipitate a war, and point out that strategic retreat is a highly acceptable manœuvre among Great Russians. Another key to their conduct is an unquenchable community spirit.

That most comprehensive of volumes THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK BOOK (Harrap. 15s.), Fannie Merritt Farmer's classic of the kitchen which has sold 2,641,000 copies since first publication in 1896, now appears in its eighth (Golden Jubilee) revised edition. It is a superb volume, close on 900 pages, well indexed and stoutly bound, and, if some of the ingredients belong essentially to the American larder and now find no place in our modest menus in these circumscribed days, the fault surely lies in the age, not in the book itself. A more modest volume on the culinary arts, but one essentially suited to the times, comes from the same publishing house. It is Edith Weale's COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS (Harrap. 8s. 6d.). It is full of simple, workable recipes, featuring no such demands as Fannie Merritt Farmer makes in her notes on "Angel Food Cake," where she begins: "Beat egg whites (8 or 10) and salt with flat wire whisk or beater until foamy." Frances Carmichael in COOKING FOR CHRISTMAS (Convoy Publications. 5s.), is also wisely restrained, her main effort being to show how to make a little go a long way.

Sixty years ago Andrew Lang and his staff of helpers issued the first of their fairy books, to compile which they had ranged far and wide through international literature. After the great experiment Lang was able to say, "The children are pleased." That was all that he cared for. Now, THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK and THE GREEN FAIRY BOOK (both published by Longmans at 10s. 6d.) make a welcome re-appearance. They are beautifully bound and presented. Also among the reprints, for which there will be a hearty welcome, are THE COUNTRY HEART (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d), by H. E. Bates. This is a revision of *O More than Happy Countryman* and *The Heart of the Country*, both of which have long been out of print. THE BEST OF ERNEST THOMPSON SETON (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is a selection from five of the famous wild animal books. ENCOUNTERS (Sedgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.), originally published in 1923, was Elizabeth Bowen's first book. The author provides a new preface.

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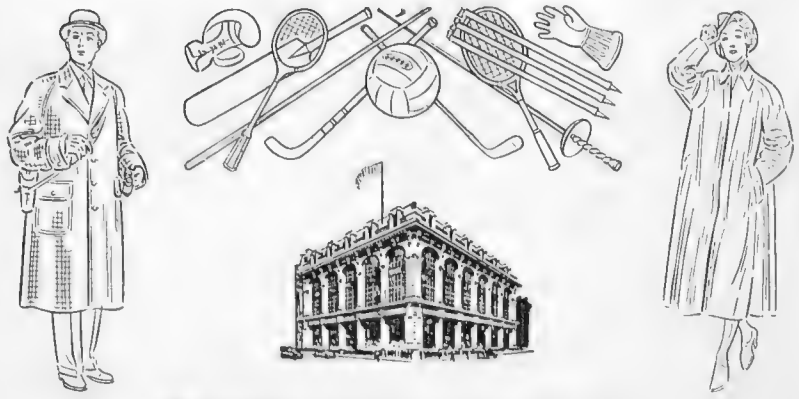

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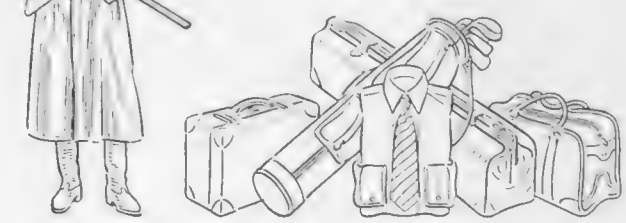

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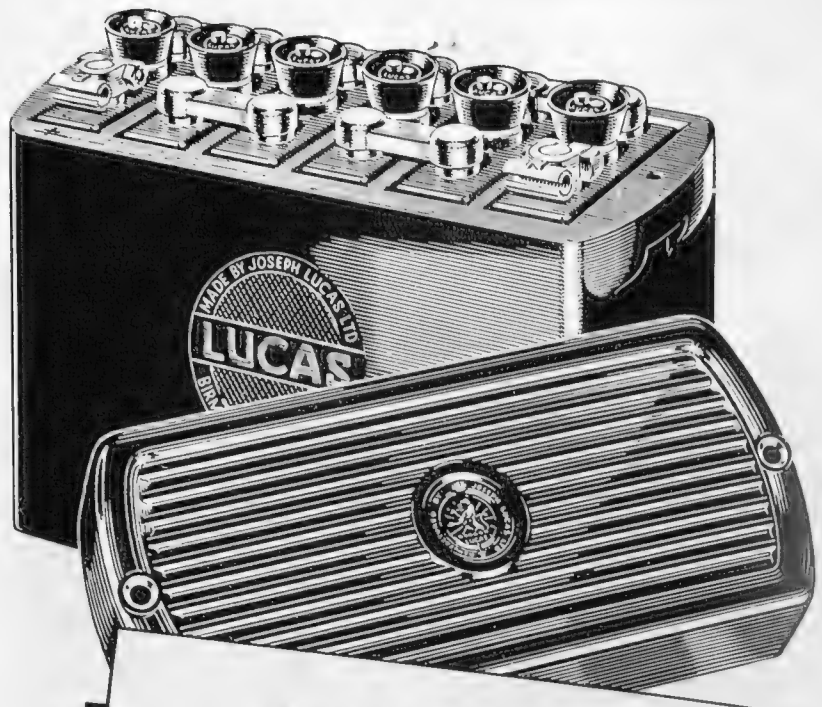

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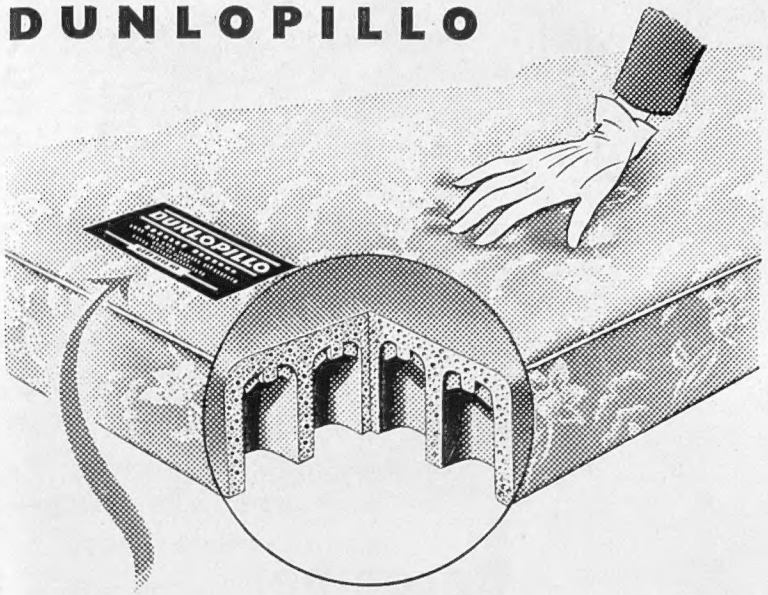

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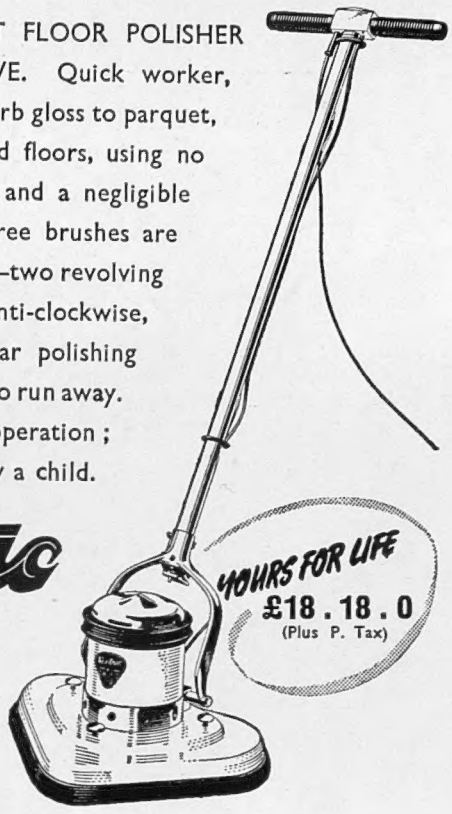

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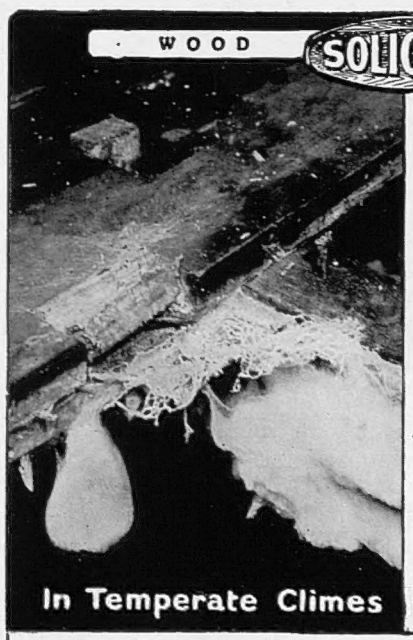

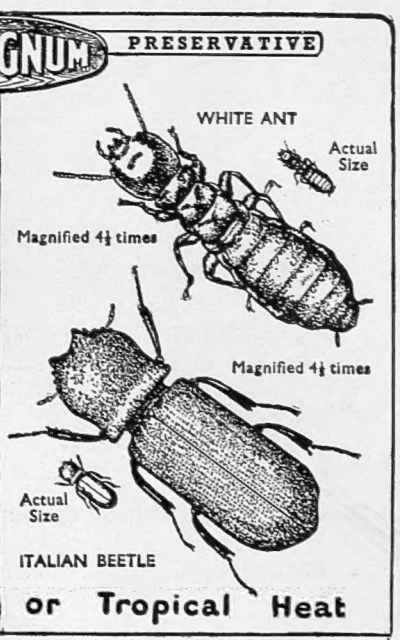

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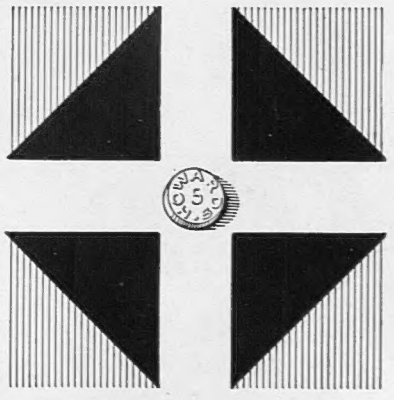

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